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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To-day we behold the new Cabinet complete. It is compact of four regular members, all—to-day—open and avowed obligationists, or—if the swear-word is preferred—open and avowed conscriptionists; and one of the chief acts they design is to lay hold of civilians and of civilian labour. Strange that this—the most striking fact about the Cabinet—has not been discovered or announced in any of the papers which have been examining the composition, etc., of the new Ministry. Of the four regular members of the Cabinet—Mr. Bonar Law, as he has to manage the House of Commons, obviously cannot be a regular attendant at this war Cabinet's meetings—two have always been in favour of this State obligation or compulsion, whilst two were against it, in 1914 and in the last part of 1915, but are now conscientious preachers and teachers of it. The first two are Lord Milner and Lord Curzon; the second two are the Prime Minister and Mr. Henderson. The four mean to "go it"; and if they are not allowed to do so, or are greatly impeded and thwarted in their State-obligation and organisation schemes, they are likely to—protest.

Lord Milner has always been a cold, hard, resolute believer in obligation or compulsion—though he regarded the attempt to introduce compulsion into the Munitions Act of 1915—i.e., into labour—before it was introduced for military service, as an ineffective proposal. It was, indeed, putting the cart before the ass, as we observed at the time. Lord Milner has pretty well all the best intellectual arguments in favour of obligation at his fingers' ends, and has marshalled them with skill, though he is not at all an eloquent speaker. He considers himself much inferior to Mr. Hughes as a speaker and popular leader. He and Lord Curzon believe in the *principle* of the thing: they want pure principle as well as drastic practice. Probably Mr. Lloyd George now also leans to the principle—as well as swears by the practice—though he was first educated into the thing last year (about June or July 1915) through motives of expediency—he saw how obligation

answered in France, and saw that, if it existed here, we should much sooner solve our shell shortage problem. As for Mr. Henderson, he is almost to be described as a passionate pervert on compulsion. What to his view was "unpatriotic" in 1914 is now precisely the reverse. Voluntarist, obligationist, conscriptionist, double conscriptionists (both sexes)—it is a regular crescendo. We must take care we are not all hurried off by the Four into factories, or into irons, before Sir John Simon, who, according to his own theory, ought to be equal to five Hendersons, can save us. The Volunteers and the Special Constabulary, it is bruited about, are both going to be obliged. There are other dreadful stories about. The SATURDAY REVIEW compulsionist furnace of 1914-15 must pale its ineffectual fires if half the stories of the double conscription plans up the sleeves of the Four are true. Millionaires and ex-Cabinet Ministers may at any time find themselves reduced to a few ounces of meat per week and their leisure time conscribed for manual labour. To what will they put Sir John Simon?

But if compulsion is the great feature of the four, concession is, perhaps, the next most important feature. Who can really doubt that the Four have been carefully chosen *with an eye to labour*? If the right hand is to fall heavily on labour, the left hand is to give readily to labour. Consider the Four in this light. The Prime Minister is ready to go great lengths in concessions to labour; but Lord Milner is ready to go at least as far, and possibly even a little farther. Does he not admit himself to be Socialist-Imperialist? Thirdly, there is Lord Curzon: he may not be so advanced as Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Milner; but it is no great secret that he has long been desirous of meeting labour more than half-way. Fourthly, Mr. Henderson: he, obviously, will go farther gladly, will concede more to labour, than even his three Cabinet colleagues. It is a compulsion Cabinet; but it is also something very much like a Labour Cabinet.

Of the Under-Secretaries of State and of all the subordinate pillars of the new Administration: these

are re-made up of the existing and familiar material. Make a raid on the support trenches of the Home Office, Board of Trade, Local Government Board, or on any of the other Offices and Boards to secure prisoners in order to find how the political C.-in-C. has formed his new Army—you will discover that it is the old order in new uniform. One Administration is, after all, very much like another. Moreover, behind the familiar and accepted material are the permanent officials: who will see things are done in the familiar and accepted way. But some of the new business men appointments are striking, such as Sir A. Stanley. Lord Derby as head of the War Office is an admirable arrangement.

One of the most interesting of the new appointments is that of Dr. H. A. L. Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield, to be President of the Board of Education. An accomplished Oxford historian, Dr. Fisher counts Paris and Göttingen among his places of education, has sat on Committees concerning the Public Services of India and German Outrages, and, if not a politician, has at least written on "Political Unions". He is also an effective writer; witness his brief "Life of F. W. Maitland". We hope that he will be able, without undue delay, to secure a seat in the House, for a first-class man in the academic sense will be a pleasing novelty as the controller of education, and there is real need for a mind of distinction which can see beyond the commercial side of education and represent in public life and debate the cause of the humanities, as Jebb did. President Wilson, the most notable recent example of the academic mind confronted with large executive problems, has not achieved all the success his admirers expected. Dr. Fisher, let us hope, will have the courage of his convictions, and will not yield to the clamour of the less educated, the self-made men who believe in their own makers, and those others who denigrate and depreciate the education they have been unable to enjoy.

France also has freshened and compacted her Cabinet and re-formed her High Command; and M. Briand has just carried out these difficult steps with éclat. General Nivelle now takes supreme command of the French forces in the field, and General Joffre—according to the Military Representative of the "Times"—fills a post probably answering to Sir William Robertson's here. Italy, too, has been improving her Cabinet. Finally, Austria has taken drastic steps with the Koerber Cabinet and made it resign.

Much has been spoken and written of Mr. Asquith's besetting sin of "Words, words, words" instead of acts. But justice should be done even to a man's words. Mr. Asquith has said some things about the war, and about our aims in the war, better than anyone else can say them. He has said them in noble language. On 9 November 1914 he said, "We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed". Save that Belgium can never regain what she has sacrificed, there is not a word in this declaration that could be improved on.

Most of the sweeping criticisms we have heard or read directed against Viscount Grey, the late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—he once protested against being styled "the Foreign Secretary"—have been uninformed: if this were put to Lord Curzon, Lord Curzon would probably say—he would certainly think—we were putting it mildly. Those who have held forth on Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia have usually known as much about these countries, and as much about the art of diplomacy, as the occupants of

Earlwood. Thus the people who have with iteration vowed that Viscount Grey's foreign policy has been "miserably weak" in regard to the East seem not to have been aware that the settlement of that question has lain with other Powers besides us! Foreign policy is not a simple affair like heaping coals on the fire or driving a wheelbarrow. It is an extremely difficult and largely—so far as outsiders are concerned—a cryptic business. We have criticised men and measures freely in the SATURDAY REVIEW during the war, but have recognised that foreign affairs are not a fit theme to be discussed in the clubs and newspaper offices in the uninformed, happy-go-lucky way.

Hence many of the charges levelled against Viscount Grey have been absurd, especially as regards Bulgaria and Roumania. Only a very small circle of persons are qualified to judge as to Viscount Grey's particular handling of these problems, and these persons are secretive. If sweeping critics could hear the views of, say, Lord Curzon, Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, M. Cambon, and Lord Lansdowne they would get enlightenment. Viscount Grey's failure as a war Minister may lie in quite different directions. We doubt whether he was enough in favour of a drastic course in organising the country in the early part of the war. If he did not actively oppose drastic organisation, he at any rate left himself in the hands of those who did oppose it to the utmost; and he is therefore, with other ex-Cabinet Ministers, gravely responsible. Nor should we say he pushed for vigorous action in other ways. He does not seem to have been a strong or aggressive war Minister, though an exceeding conscientious and entirely patriotic one; but, as we say, when it comes to attacking him in regard to his handling of foreign affairs during the July-August 1914 crisis, and during the war itself, the attack breaks down because the attackers know next to nothing of the facts. In the vast majority of instances, foreign policy questions had better be left to the few who know: they are far more complex and difficult, and more dangerous, than home politics—which obviously it is the duty of all people with a vote to study and know about.

We must add this, however: Viscount Grey must surely have recognised before now that his own cutting references to Lord Roberts in the autumn of 1912 were unjustifiable. He, in effect, alluded to Lord Roberts as a person without authority. But we know now too well—thanks to Mr. Asquith's amazing revelation in the 3 October 1914 speech at Cardiff—that Lord Roberts was right about Germany, whilst Viscount Grey and his colleagues completely kept the British people in the dark.

What was wrong with Ministers like Mr. McKenna, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Samuel, Mr. Montagu, and various other members of the late outer Cabinet, that they failed to understand the nature of the present war for two years and more? Why did they fail to perceive, two years ago, that we were in for a mighty and prolonged struggle with a Power that, before it goes down, will resort to strokes and expedients little wot of to-day even among some of the picked men of the new Administration? How came it that they did not perceive with clearness and ease that the war could not be won—and not, with effect, be carried on at all—without universal obligatory military service, to be followed in due course by obligatory civilian service? The strength of Germany, and the nature of the contest then beginning, must have been clear enough to plenty of obscure people. Mr. McKenna, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Harcourt, and the others are able men. Mr. Harcourt, in particular, is clever. He has only to make a witty speech and all people admit that freely. How comes it that these men—some of them appealing to the business mind, others to the financiers, others to the cultivated man of the world—knew not the essential truths about the real nature of the struggle, and could not understand that there was not a day to lose in organising the country two years ago?



They mustered between them large knowledge of public affairs, they were all well behind the scenes, they possessed plenty of common sense, they understood the running of public departments. How, then, comes it that they failed to understand the nature of the war as completely as dull people failed? The reason is to be sought in the truth that they lacked vision. Common sense, business capacity, knowledge of the world, power of speech and figure, the best sources of information—one and all these advantages failed in this case because they were not accompanied by any vision.

The House voted the new Government £400,000,000 on Thursday for the prosecution of the war; and Mr. Bonar Law made a short speech on the financial position. The Budget estimate of expenditure for the year was £1,950,000,000; but this has been exceeded by £350,000,000. The actual daily expenditure during the whole period amounts to £5,070,000 a day; but the average daily expenditure during the last 63 days has been up to £5,710,000. Total expenditure of the country since the beginning of the war equals £3,852,000,000. Colossal—but not alarming, was Mr. Bonar Law's description of this final figure; final, that is, up to date. Mr. McKenna followed Mr. Bonar Law with a patriotic speech. To supply munitions to our Army he was ready to exceed the estimates to any extent.

On Tuesday last once again there was a most heartening list of awards to officers and men. It begins with Lieut. Arthur Knight, of the R.F.C., who led four machines against eighteen of the enemy, drove down five of them and dispersed the remainder. Lieut. John Lavcock beat off an attack by four enemy machines and continued his work, flying later well within the range of our own shells in order to silence hostile batteries. Capt. Charles Mackay, in very unfavourable weather, obtained most valuable photographs of the enemy's position and fought four machines for ten minutes without assistance. Capt. John Andrews has added a bar to his Military Cross by his great courage and determination in leading successful patrols and attacks on hostile aircraft, and has now brought down his ninth machine. His daring descents have brought him as near to the ground as 500 feet.

Our fighting men have been equally resolute and valiant in raiding enemy trenches, in winning and consolidating new positions, in supporting the harassed holders of observation posts, and in tending the wounded under intense fire in "No Man's Land". Lieut. Stopford Jacks organised a party to extinguish a mass of burning bombs, and, although burnt in several places, went on working till the fire was extinguished. Capt. Robert McElney led stretcher parties in the open and worked under heavy fire continuously for thirty-four hours. Lieut. Kenneth Smith, twice buried and wounded, continued to lead his company with great courage and determination. Capt. Henry Turner on one occasion rescued eight wounded men in the open. Lieut. George Sheardoun constructed a strong point at the furthest advance of our lines, thereby saving the situation at a critical time. Here he rallied some men and under heavy fire dug himself in. These are only a few instances out of many. The list of heroes is long, but it deserves at least as large a print as the cases of litigants in the courts concerning the maintenance of a fence or a landlord's right to distrain. These soldiers are the real fence—*præsidium et dulce decus*—of the Empire, and they should be dearly cherished.

In reply to Sir Henry Craik Mr. Bonar Law made a very satisfactory announcement in the House last Tuesday. Efforts are being made to secure for those serving in France a larger measure of Christmas leave than has ever been given before. It is a well-merited tribute to our great fighters, and everyone will rejoice

to know that as many as possible of them are to interpose a little ease at the kindly season when home means most.

Having stolen, lied, murdered, debauched and ravished, enslaved, and committed every horror and filthiness within the power of man, Germany is now asking for peace. That is an artful move we must watch carefully. Characteristically, the Kaiser, perfect embodiment of German Kultur, heads the movement, and, not content with Mr. Jacob Schiff and Mr. Herman Ridder, claims God Almighty for a sympathiser. The snivelling German proposals have of course met with curt treatment by the Allies.

Thursday was Italy's day in London, and her flag made a brave show. English people ought to know a great deal more than they do of this Power's work in the war. Italy is a great nation, fired by lofty ideals, and she has a warm and considerable corner in her heart for this country. We do not want to exacerbate the question of her position and that of the Jugo-Slavs; but the maps and claims of Jugo-Slavism are really out of all reason; and as we have already said, their agitation had much better stop; this in the interests of (1) the Allied cause; (2) our valued comradeship with Italy; and (3) Serbia proper, which, of course, will have to be given a port on the Adriatic. The fact cannot possibly be overlooked that many of these Jugo-Slavs, outside Serbia, are fighting not with but against the Allies.

The new dignity of Sir Robert Finlay, who was sworn in as Lord Chancellor on Tuesday last, is welcome, for he is a man of outstanding distinction at the Bar. He has stipulated that his rights to a pension should be waived. This is a public-spirited move. It has been suggested that four ex-Lord Chancellors with pensions of £5,000 a year each is about as much as the country can afford in these hard days. Lord Loreburn and Lord Haldane, however, do a considerable amount of judicial work. But the fact remains that an ex-Lord Chancellor who may be at the height of his powers is not obliged to do any work at all. It would not be suitable to the dignity of a man so placed to return to pleading, but he could, we believe, sit in the Court of Appeal, and it would not be very shocking if he became Master of the Rolls. In these times, when the ideas of economy and efficiency are pressed upon everybody, a definite amount of work for a term of years, dependent on circumstances, might be associated with the pension. We do not want the wisdom of our past Chancellors to be idle.

We cannot further pursue the correspondence "Lord Haldane and His Record", which has been lively, in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Much talk about Lord Haldane, for or against him, has not greatly interested us. This, however, is a root fact always to be borne in mind. All the leading members of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1912 knew—on a date not yet authoritatively stated, though we believe it was in the spring of that year—that Germany asked Great Britain to stand aside in case of a war, and to allow her to dominate Europe. Lord Haldane was one of those leading members, but there were at least three or four others fully possessed of the same knowledge. Therefore, according to the historical and working tradition of our Constitution, they were equally to blame with him in not taking steps forthwith against that peril. We must have at least four or five scapegoats in this matter if we have any at all. That is the logic of the thing—and it is in accordance with the English habit of fairplay.

Nor are we sure that this sensational secret of 1912 (which Mr. Asquith let out at Cardiff on 3 October 1914) was restricted to the four or five inner Cabinet Ministers. Not long ago we asked one of their colleagues whether he also knew of the 1912 treaty proffered by Great Britain and rejected by Germany.

He replied that this would be "telling", and added that there was a good deal of reticence observed in those days by the great ones of the Cabinet. Still, he did not deny knowledge of the 1912 treaty. It may be one and all in the Cabinet knew of it. In which case they were one and all responsible. If there is to be a hanging and quartering, it should be distributed fairly all round. The whole of that Cabinet, then, should be quartered. But that would be a tedious affair, and to carry it out we should have (horrible reflection!) to hang a member or two of the present Cabinet. It would prevent us from getting on with the war.

We should like to know why the Master of the Temple, after his sermon a few Sundays ago, asked for prayers for President Wilson, of the United States, and further suggested that Mr. Wilson would have to play a part in any peace negotiations that may come during his tenure of office. The people, and the people only, who will have "a say" in peace, whenever it comes, will be Great and Greater Britain, Russia, France, and their seven Allies. We need not go outside that circle. So long as this is clearly understood and borne in mind, there is, of course, no objection to prayers for Presidents and Kings in the New World or the Old. Great Britain and her glorious Allies have shed far too much of their best blood to suffer for a moment the intervention of any observers; and we are sure President Wilson would not wish in any way to intervene between the Allies and their punishment of Germany.

With sorrow we have just heard of the death of Major-General Sir W. G. Knox, whose appreciations of the war have appeared without a break in the SATURDAY REVIEW from the beginning of the war. He chose to write as "Vieille Moustache", but military men knew that the author was the stout-hearted old gunner who had so much to do with the saving of Ladysmith, and who had seen something like fifty years' hard service and been in half-a-dozen campaigns. General Knox joyed in writing for these pages because his view as to the stern nature and length of the war exactly coincided with the REVIEW's from the very outset. He hated false "optimism", though we should describe the man as quite an optimist himself. He was intensely patriotic; direct and straight-driving—a tough soldier as ever was; and when you knew him (for he wanted knowing) a good fellow.

We should say he was rather jealous of the fame of the Old Army, yet he rejoiced in the Young Army coming along; and he shared with us the belief—though he knew plenty about the East and was more than a little fascinated by it—that, to win the war, the young Army must get in the knock-out blow across the water. His intellect was over when his life was over—not before. He was brave as a lion, and insisted on writing a few paragraphs of what was to have been his 124th appreciation for the REVIEW this week; was forced to desist through a heart attack; rallied slightly and wrote a few lines more. But—in the words of the great poet he revelled in—"that fell sergeant, Death, is strict in his arrests".

General Knox believed in, first of all, Lord Roberts. Roberts was his chief of chiefs, his Bayard; and he strove heart and soul in Lord Roberts' National Service crusade. Of living men chiefly concerned in the war he spoke of Mr. Asquith as a very adroit, able statesman; but, frankly, he had much more faith in the driving gifts of Mr. Lloyd George and of the latter's power with the working classes. Colonel Repington, Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Haldane, each appealed to him—the first for his extraordinary military knowledge, the second for his war-sense, the third for his intellectual powers. General Knox was a fighting, God-fearing man: the spirit of the Old Testament was about him. But love as well as war was in his dauntless heart. Ave atque Vale.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

### THE MEANING OF THE SOMME.

SUCH a hullabaloo has been going on lately, first about the fall of Bukarest, then about the fall of Mr. Asquith, and now about the German peace trick, that the public has quite overlooked the mighty meaning and results of the battle of the Somme: that is, assuming the public has ever really understood the significance of the later phases of that extraordinary contest, of which gigantic Verdun itself has been but one prominent feature.

There is "a lull" throughout the Somme to-day from the extreme French right to the extreme British advanced left, near Beaumont Hamel. It is true that the term "lull" would strike those who use it in print or talk to-day of this event as rather grotesquely wrong if they could, by a magic carpet, convey themselves of a sudden to some of the front and support trenches on the Somme and Ancre to-night and remark the sound—and work—of the guns there. However, it may be said that, compared with the tremendous infantry engagements of last month and of September, there is a period of ease there and throughout the Western Front. What happens is that a large number of people here who have no means of knowing better, and more than a sprinkling of people whose business and duty it distinctly is to know better, jump to the conclusion that we "cannot get through in the West", that our offensive there has been "a failure", and that, if we are to go on there in the future as we have been going since 1 July, why, we shall take decades or generations to end the war. This notion has been gratefully seized upon by the astute military writers who discuss the position in the German newspapers. Of course, it is the very thing they want. Only the other day we noticed in one clever German military correspondent's article a nice calculation measuring up the amount of ground we have won since 1 July with the amount of ground still to be won before the Germans are out of France and Belgium. He worked out his sum and proved that if we continued to fight on in the West we should be on German soil sometime in the year 2042—provided, that is, the Germans suffer us to push them back during the next 126 years as they have suffered us to push them back during the last five months. The moral, of course, is, "Let us play at something else now!" as the children say.

It is a deplorable thing that pernicious trash of the sort should be palmed off on large numbers of people in this country who have no means of knowing better, though they are patriotic and wish to believe in, and trust devotedly to, our magnificent Army in France. Unhappily, the grumblers and misers and some conceited inkpot strategists of the printing Press, and the loose, impatient railers at large, have been, together, too much for the truth. As a result, a spirit of despondency has been creeping about the country in regard to the position on the West to-day. "Let us play at something else now" is the peevish, tired cry going round. It is suggested that we are on the wrong tack, that we have not properly thought out the campaign, that we had better go to Russia, or thoroughly "co-ordinate" our strategy, and make a remarkable sally somewhere south-eastwards, lest Germany finds her way to her real goal, India, whilst we are battering ourselves to pieces against an impregnable front in France. Further, a comedy catchword has been devised against those who are supposed to favour a bludgeon policy on the French Front. They are playfully termed "Westerners", whereas inkpot strategy proudly proclaims itself as Easterner!



So the meaning of the great Allied offensive on the French Front, and its solid and significant results are missed by those irresponsible critics of an uninformed imagination.

Germany has been tremendously hard hit by the offensive in France. She has not secured a single permanent success there since the bombardment of her lines started last June. It is true that at the start of July our offensive did fail badly, with heavy losses, at Beaumont Hamel. But last month we made up for that failure by taking Beaumont Hamel and its surroundings through a feat of arms which, we are sorry to say, has by no means been well understood by the British public as a whole. Quite lately—within the last few days—we have added, as it happens, to our own knowledge of that wonderful feat; and we know what good, hard fighting men who went through that battle, and have since been over the ground, think about it. They are elated by the achievement. They are in great heart over it. They are able to tell us, from cool, first-hand observation, that the enemy on the Western Front is no longer the enemy he was in the early days of the offensive. *His heart is gradually being worn out.* That is the meaning of the Somme; and there is not the faintest doubt that the military writers in the German Press are fully apprised of it, as are the anxious German leaders in the field.

The German authorities recognise that the German Army, though it is brave and skilful, cannot withstand the deadening, spirit-breaking effects of many Thiépvales and Beaumont Hamels, and they are under no illusions as to the nature of their heavy and humbling defeat, at the latter place in particular. They know we took Beaumont Hamel from them at the cost of a mere fraction of the casualties which the unsuccessful attack on 1 July cost us. They know that out of some eighty thousand German prisoners who have been taken by the Allies in this campaign on the Somme since last June a large number have—especially in the later phases—put up their hands tamely when they ought to have held out.

They know that the laissez faire régime that once prevailed somewhat on the British side in earlier days of the war has passed, and that it has been succeeded by a régime of intensive enterprise in all departments—for example, the making of light railways, aerial effrontery, military inventions. They know that the creeping critics in this country who by devious suggestion have been working to belittle the strategy of the Commander-in-Chief are inspired, some by vanity, some, possibly, by an entire lack of judgment, but never by knowledge or by honour. German authority reads its deadly fate in the Somme, a fate which no amount of flashy success in Roumania can avert if our nation and our Government between now and next spring play the game, and pour in young men and munitions for the British Army in France. All the best and strongest of Germany is on French soil to-day. Her iron heel is there, and we have come to learn, through the courage of our great Army and the skill of its Chief, that she is mortal in the heel. The stiffening up of our Executive at home—an Executive that had grown dropsical—and the renewed vigour and enthusiasm of the French Executive promise us a signal victory across the water next year if only the whole nation will make the mighty effort.

#### THE GERMAN PROPOSALS.

THERE can be no doubt about the importance and interest of the German move towards peace. We need not waste time on the form in which it was conveyed to the world, in documents unequalled in diplomatic history for their nauseating hypocrisy and solemn conceit. The Kaiser, tired of posturing as the War-Lord, now poses as peace-giver and benefactor of mankind. The ravagers and enslavers of small nations, the sinkers of the *Lusitania*, and the murderers of Miss Cavell now shudder at the atrocities of war. All that is part of the game, and we know our German by now; if only they would learn to know themselves they would be able to answer that plaintive question which appears from time to time in their Press, "Why are not we Germans loved?" But apart from questions of form and manners there is always a reality about German schemes. Bethmann-Hollweg lends himself almost irresistibly to ridicule, but Hindenburg is a fact. The right attitude towards this latest move is to inquire what light it throws on the German position, and on our own duty and prospects at the present time.

It is above all things necessary to guard against the idea that Germany is suing for peace as a beaten Power. Her proposals are indeed a confession of failure in the original aims of the war. Without doubt the Kaiser believed he would repeat Bismarck's dazzling scene at Versailles and would dictate peace in the capital of France. That grandiose idea has been abandoned, but the new proposal for a negotiated peace is so cunningly presented that it has all the air of a victor's generous concession. The moment is cleverly chosen, but it is well to remember that it follows very closely on a strong attempt to secure a separate peace with Russia. If that separate peace had been made we can well imagine the fierce onslaught on the Franco-British line, and the intoxicated glory of the Kaiser if that line had been broken. Russia, of course, was proudly unbribeable, and we see the result in the terms which are said to have been made known in Washington. The "independent kingdoms of Lithuania and Poland" are synonymous for the German annexation of large Russian territories. Yet we are bound to keep before our minds the fact that Germany has secured immense successes, though she has failed in her original aims. The German armies are as yet unbeaten, though they have been, as we have shown, tremendously shaken on the Somme, and dread the future in France, and though they no longer make headway against first-class troops properly equipped. Of course they are as formidable as ever in their leadership and mobility against the forces of smaller nations inadequately armed. We must not then regard the peace proposals as any indication that Germany regards her military situation as yet hopeless on land.

Fortunately there is also the sea, and we may reasonably believe that the pressure of the blockade, the increasingly anxious problem of food scarcity and popular discontent, the dangerous rivalry between the German "tribes" to secure the largest possible share of what food is to be had, the loss of foreign trade, the sinking of the mark, the piled up debt with no provision for interest payment after the war, all these financial dangers and economic stringencies, which will grow worse unless the German fleet can defeat the British Navy, are the real explanation of the move towards peace. The Chancellor tried to prevent this interpretation of his policy by a glowing description of the Roumanian crops, but when the produce of Roumania is divided among the millions it will not ward off scarcity for long. In so far, then, as this scheme is an admission of German weakness, it is a tribute to the Grand Fleet and to the effectiveness of its work.

There are other reasons why the move has been made. Germany has always paid greater attention to neutral opinion than we have, and she is now trying to whitewash her blackened reputation. "The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be." Especially in the United States, where commercial friendship after the war is a vital necessity, the Germans

realise that they need to recover much lost ground from a moral point of view, and they hope that their attitude of sanctity will win favour among the simpler and more sentimental of Americans. Possibly they even hope that they will so spread the belief that only English obstinacy prevents peace that the States may be at last induced to forbid the export of munitions. There is more substance in the hope that they may influence the war-weary and the cranks among their enemies. We in England have a faction of this kind, more noisy than numerous, and we do not doubt that they will exploit the German move to the best of their ability. But the Kaiser numbers more of these discontented and disillusioned and weary haters of the war among his subjects than all the Allies together, and no doubt his chief motive has been to placate them. He is playing a risky game. The theatrical setting, the "world-historical" importance, the cultivated solemnity of the Chancellor's speech have raised high hopes in a people who are suffering a unique experience—the combination of distant victories with very present needs, of mental afflatus with physical depression. The reaction when the Allies refuse to negotiate will be a dangerous moment in Germany. Finally, we do not doubt that the Kaiser will use the rejection of his offer as an excuse for every kind of ruthlessness, especially by submarines, and in this connection the moulding of American opinion is of great importance.

This latest German manoeuvre is, therefore, not by any means to be despised. It contains the possibilities of many indirect advantages to Germany, and it is to be hoped that the Allied Governments will produce a reply worthy of our cause. Obviously no peace is possible at present. At the best it would be another peace of Amiens, with the prospect of another war as almost certain. Only one thing could be worse than the present war, and that is the imminence of another. Apart altogether from separate national aims, Europe must gain peace and freedom and security as a result of the awful sacrifices that have been made. What would be the position of Europe if a status quo ante peace were made? Every small nation would know that its existence was on sufferance, and every unscrupulous politician would know that violence and illegality had ravaged Europe for two years and in the end had gone unpunished. Brutality and cunning would be regarded as the ultimate sanctions in political life, and the European anarchy would be a deadly fact. As peace is impossible, to enter upon negotiations would be merely offering Germany a much-needed armistice, and that may be dismissed as a futility. But it is worthy of consideration whether the Allies, in refusing Germany's offer, should not take the opportunity of stating to the world the scheme of peace for which we are fighting. The terms cannot be stated in detail, but Mr. Asquith's phrases, resonant and inspiring as they were at the beginning of the war, were so general and so capable of various interpretations that they have come to be insufficient. There was an uneasy feeling under the old régime that our Ministers had not come to clear agreement with the French on the actual scope of our war aims. It is of vital importance that France and England should be firmly united and unambiguously certain about the minimum which they will accept. There have been indications, into which it would be unwise to go in detail, that a good many matters have been left over. If the Allied Governments can draw up a reply to Germany worthy of the ideals on which they are all bent, they may not only produce an historic State document, but they may also clear the air by closer definition of their aims. If they can, for instance, make the German people see that the "destruction of Prussian militarism" does not involve for Germany the kind of thing that is happening in Belgium, they may hoist the German Machiavellis with their own petard. We have the noblest of causes, but we should not assume that everyone understands it. Mr. Balfour could not have a worthier task than the working out with the French, Russian, and Italian Governments of the new scheme that is to give Europe that "just security"

for which Pitt said he was fighting, and for which we are fighting to-day. His mind, too, is well fitted to distinguish between the maximum that is desirable and the minimum that must be achieved.

But when all is said these peace proposals will go, and the war will remain. Bethmann-Hollweg is in the limelight, but Hindenburg is in the field. Our task remains unaccomplished, and our clear duty is to strain every nerve for future effort and to allow no clumsy German hypnotism to slacken our will. The reception of the German proposals has shown the Allied Governments still united and still determined. We for our part have a Ministry of new vigour and resolution, a people ready to obey every call to work and sacrifice, a great and proved army and an unconquerable fleet. We know that we have not beaten Germany yet, but our soldiers tell us that they can do it, and they have gloriously earned their title to our confidence and faith. To accept peace with Germany before we have taught her that she is conquerable would be to wrong our dead and to distrust our living.

#### KING EDWARD VII.'S WAR PROPHECY, AND SOME OTHERS.

SOME twelve years ago King Edward VII.—we have reason to know—returning from a successful diplomatic round on the Continent, said to a member of his family, "Thank God, I have put this war off ten years".

That was a prophecy of private satisfaction, not intended for warning or helpful advice. It is a kind of prophecy which no one would take exception to. But public prophecy has fallen into marked disfavour lately. There is a disposition to gird at, if not actually to stone, the prophets to-day. Prophets and war lecturers are distasteful, especially to those who have paid their guinea down or five guineas the set, and a year or so later have discovered it was wrong and Germany is not by any means smashed up and starved in food or man-power yet. "Down with the prophets!" exclaim these irate people, who have been touched in their pockets and touched in their pride—for did they not, after going through a course of these lectures or prophecies, assure their friends that it would be all over by Christmas bar the shouting? Did they not force the Dardanelles, send the Turk into the inmost recesses of Asia, starve Germany, and divide up Austria this time last year, if not the year before? It touches the pride of a self-respecting man or woman to remember he made these plans and they did not what Americans call "materialise".

So the prophets are cursed, and prophecy is condemned all round. The word is becoming an immoral word, like "pride". This is wrong and unreasonable. Prophecy is by no means a vain and useless thing. For instance, it is not useless, but useful, to prophesy that the war will not be over by Christmas or next spring or summer. It was not, if we may be allowed to say so, useless to prophesy this time two years ago that the war could not be won, and that Great Britain could not, and would not, play her right part unless obligatory service for men of fit physique and years were adopted. It was not useless to prophesy that the compulsory clauses of the Munitions Act of early last summer would break down in practice because labour could not be compelled before military service was compelled. It was not useless to prophesy that the United States would not be brought into the war by a policy of nudging or pen-pricking. Nor was it useless prophecy to state, in December 1914, that the war would prove a long and tremendous struggle, and not a short and merry one, as self-styled "optimists" declared. It is not useless prophecy to remark to-day that the Allies will win the war through routing the bulk of the German Army somewhere on French soil and by forcing them out of France and Belgium, and not through being exceedingly clever—too clever by nine-tenths—by springing a surprise on the enemy in the Kola peninsula and pushing it home on the Guadequiver. Prophecy based on common sense and observa-



tion, and directed to practical ends, is by no means vain or useless, though it is often unpopular. When Lord Roberts prophesied that Germany would strike when she was ready—and that therefore we should take suitable precautions—he was extremely unpopular among a large number of people. But the prophecy was a sane and considered one, and honest minds now admit that the warning was wise and patriotic.

The prophecy which is vain and useless is that which is based not on reason and observation, but on passion or prejudice. When the prophet declares that the war will be "over by Christmas" because he does not want something done towards efficiency which conflicts with his prejudices; or because a rival has adduced reasons which show it will not be over by Christmas year at the present rate; then he does indulge in vain and useless prophecy. It is largely because so many people have indulged in this kind of opposition, which hard facts and still harder times have made ridiculous, that the word "prophecy" has become suspect, or even immoral.

The saying "Never prophesy unless you know" is a cowardly one, and, if acted on, would throw back the world of intelligence. Never to prophesy is a near relative of never to look forward. Prophecy goes hand-in-hand with provision, precaution; only it must turn out to have been reasonably well based. We would not stone the prophets of the war and of the pre-war days who have been proved by time and events to be all in the wrong: that course would argue savagery rather than common sense, and it would merely serve to divert our energies from the task of beating Germany. A wiser plan would be to ask them politely to stand aside for a while and let others whose prophecies have come true have more of a say in the matter: that, in the words of a popular song of the 'eighties, would be "best for you and best for me".

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 124) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL STONE.

### I.—ROUMANIA.

THE tension which existed up to the date of the capture of Bukarest has now given way to speculation as to how far the Roumanian Army will be able to hold the enemy's further advance in check. The continuous retreat from the frontier to their present positions does not inspire much confidence in the ability of the Roumanian forces to make a very serious stand without Russian support at any point in the theatre of operations which Germany has made up her mind to seize. The support which, presumably, is most needed is an overwhelming superiority in artillery, and this, especially at the present season of the year, is precisely the kind of support which it is most difficult for Russia to give. The Russian offensive on the Moldavian frontier has been hampered by the deep snows which lie in immense drifts in the mountain valleys, and the offensive does not appear as yet to have even reached the frontier of Transylvania. The Roumanians have turned upon the pursuing Germans on the line of the river Jalomnita, but the Bulgarians have crossed the Danube at Silistria and appear to be pressing northwards in sufficient force to compel the Roumanian forces in that part of the theatre to retire without very serious resistance. If the Russians succeed in establishing themselves on the Transylvanian frontier, a moderately hopeful forecast of the situation would be that the Roumanians might hold the line of Bufco River to St. George's Island. To drive them further north would require the continued maintenance of the very formidable forces which have been hitherto at the disposal of Falkenhayn and Mackensen in Roumanian territory. Although the concentration of the two

armies for the invasion of Roumania must have been a severe strain on the resources of Germany and Austria, it is noticeable that there has been no marked abatement of activity on the part of the German Powers in any section of the theatre of war. It would be wise, therefore, not to count too much on the strain being too great to be borne for any length of time. Germany knows perfectly well that the winter is an almost impossible season for a continuously successful offensive on the part of the Allies on the Western Front, especially on such portions of the line as have been recently captured by them, owing to the truly awful condition of the terrain, and the absence of any decent protection for the troops sufficiently near to the front line to enable them to be launched in good fighting form "over the top".

An eight hours' march through deep mud, stumbling over debris, and falling into shell holes and mine craters, is not a good preparation for a strong offensive. The weather and the condition of the ground on the Western Front seem likely to fortify the resolution of the Germans to press the advantage which they have already gained in Roumania, and the question is, In which direction will this advantage be pressed? There are two almost equally tempting alternatives: one is to complete the conquest of Roumania and, if possible, the utter defeat of the Roumanian Army, invade Bessarabia, and make the line of the Dniester the next objective; the other is to reinforce the Bulgarian Armies which are operating against the Allies on the Greek frontier and allow Constantine to declare himself to be Germany's ally.

The former of these two courses involves an arduous offensive, which could scarcely fail to call for ever-increasing efforts and sacrifices the more nearly the objective was approached; but, at the same time, it offers correspondingly important results in the event of success, for it is believed that Germany regards the chances of bringing Russia to her knees as somewhat more feasible than causing the collapse of the Western Powers, and there is little doubt that she would be prepared to offer Russia the most tempting terms to make a separate peace. The Germans are bad psychologists, and apt to judge others by their own standards. It is absolutely inconceivable to us that Russia will ever, under any circumstances, throw up the sponge.

### II.—GREECE.

Now as regards the other alternative, which certainly presents most attractive features, and although not promising such far-reaching results (as it presents itself to Germany) as the Russian adventure, at the same time does not call for such a supreme effort, and therefore does not run such serious risk of bringing about a dangerously successful offensive on the part of the Allies on the Western Front. The situation in Greece has been brought about by the failure of the Allies to take drastic steps against Constantine at a comparatively early period, after his refusal to fulfil his treaty obligations to Serbia. It will be remembered by those who have followed closely this remarkable chapter in Greek history that Constantine's argument against Serbia attacking Bulgaria before the latter was mobilised was that in such a case Greece could not come to her assistance because the treaty with Serbia only provided for this in the event of Serbia being attacked, the inference being that, in the event of Serbia not being the aggressor, Greece would loyally abide by the treaty. Serbia was thus persuaded, against her better judgment, not to take the course which would have been her salvation

and, incidentally, have changed the whole situation in the Balkans, assuming that the Allies had promptly backed her up; but Serbia was not suffered to take the step which her instinct prompted her to do. When, therefore, Bulgaria decided to throw in her lot with the Central Powers, after making a suitable bargain (as she thought) with Germany, Serbia found herself suddenly overwhelmed by thirsty Germanic and Bulgarian hordes seeking her very life-blood. Thus ended the first act of the Balkan tragedy in blood and desolation and tears. The curtain was rung up on the second act with commendable promptitude, King Constantine and M. Venizelos being the most interesting of the dramatis personæ so far as the public was concerned, but General Sarraïl and Admiral du Fournet being of absorbing interest to the actors themselves. At first it appeared to the general public that Constantine was being allowed plenty of rope in the sure and certain hope that, in due course, he would hang himself withal. Then a dramatic incident occurred in the surrender of the Greek frontier forts to the Bulgarians, and the passing of their garrisons with a safe conduct through Bulgaria into Germany, there to remain as guests of the Kaiser until they should be wanted. This—so thought the man in the street—was clearly the psychological moment; everyone (except some of the diplomatists) knew that Constantine had meant to play Germany's game from the start, and now it was proved in the clear light of day. This, then, was the moment to remove King Constantine from the scene of his activities and place a Regent in his stead. The Regent was clearly indicated in the person of M. Venizelos, who had been returned to power by an overwhelming majority only a short time previously. Instead of this, the hands of General Sarraïl were tied, and nothing effective could be done. The King, who certainly had been badly scared, rapidly recovered his self-possession when he saw that he had nothing to fear from the protecting Powers who had placed his father on the throne, and by whose good will alone he was entitled to succeed. Constantine worked by every conceivable agency to increase his power and prestige, and to discourage the Venizelist movement, and his success in this respect seems to be assured by the triumph of the German arms in Roumania. The Allies are therefore in face of a somewhat distressing situation which they have unfortunately brought upon themselves. They are making very slow headway against the Bulgarians, and any powerful reinforcement of the latter by Germany would speedily bring this advance to a standstill until further Allied reinforcements were thrown into the struggle. At this juncture it is reasonable to assume that Constantine would openly throw in his lot with the Central Powers and devote all the military forces at his disposal to bringing about a diversion, which would certainly be extremely annoying, even if it were not actually dangerous to our armies in Greece.

The Allied forces in Greece are insufficient to conduct a successful offensive in the face of Bulgaria reinforced by Germany, and at the same time they are in excess of the requirements for merely holding Salonika. The situation is disquieting, and it will become more so the longer the diplomatists are instructed or allowed to prevent the soldiers and sailors from settling it. It is impossible to deal with the situation on other fronts in the present article or with the question of command of the sea, which is being disputed with such success as to call for special measures to meet it not only on our own behalf, but on behalf of, and it may be hoped in co-operation with, neutrals as well as belligerent allies.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

TAMBOUR DUCLOS.

## II.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

"AND that's that, and if we don't blow him soon in that gallery, he'll blow us. What's for dinner? Stew à l'armée anglaise, as usual! Pass the disinfectant, will you?" "Him", it may be explained, was the Boche. "Disinfectant" is the irreverent name for the products of Elizabeth Lazenby, of blessed memory, Lea and Perrin, et hoc genus omne. And the speaker was a mining officer of the Château des Camoufflets, who, with several others, had just been sorting and sifting the reports of the listeners and trying to get some idea of the mining activities of the Herr Oberleutnant, or whatever he was, across the way. Like every other unit in the Army, the burden of these miners' lives was the nightly report, for which a headquarters a mile or two back clamoured incessantly. Like all other reports, this one was a vital necessity; but, for all that, it was no joke, after an hour or two spent in ladder climbing, shell dodging, and kindred pursuits, to have to turn to literature. The sensation of writing with mud all over one's hands never loses its unpleasantness; and it was only when the report had been despatched by a runner, and the stew appeared on the table, that the Château des Camoufflets became care-free. On most evenings it was a cheerful meal enough, provided there were enough rations. The mail usually arrived about then, the daily inspection by the O.C. was over, and his new orders were all under way, Fritz's gunners were calming down, as a rule, and even the trench mortar merchant seldom fired more than a dozen rounds per night. For there was no Somme offensive in those days, and the motto, "Let sleeping dogs lie", was very fairly observed by both sides. So that though there was little sleep in prospect, there was the hope of some nice, quiet, orderly work, and of something accomplished in the morning.

The night was divided into two watches—dinner to midnight, and midnight to dawn. The unfortunate who was due for the latter swallowed his stew, absorbed some exceedingly chilly tinned fruit, and rolled into a bunk, where he found a mass of muddy blankets. In these, coughing slightly, he rolled himself and, quite undeterred by the babel of conversation—and other things—fell heavily asleep. Watching for the dawn, once esteemed as romantic, is now widely practised, and as widely discredited, in the Army; there is nothing in it, at least not at the time. But the knowledge that it has to be done is a most powerful incentive to sleep at any hour previous. At midnight the rude hand of the officer who had seen that morning's dawn unmoved, and was going to sleep it through next day, aroused the sleeper. There was no question of another half hour in bed, for till one man got up there was no room for the other to lie down; so calling was done firmly and sans cérémonie. The first need was to shake off the dust; the next, to grope for a pair of long rubber boots, for there was mud everywhere, and to start with wet feet was unbearable. That done, food and drink were essential, for a trench appetite knows neither times nor seasons, and is like the daughters of the horse leech. Whether it gets satisfied is another question, and depended in this case on a Primus stove of a viciousness beyond its years and a most uncertain temper. Sometimes it roared marvellously; at other times it sulked and emitted clouds of black, sooty smoke; sometimes it stopped altogether, especially when the inventive genius of the company tried to feed it with vin rouge, apparently under the idea that vin rouge contained combustible alcohol. After that memorable night another stove was bought. But that is another story.

All excuses come to an end at last, and the officer in charge spun himself into a cocoon of waistcoats, tunics, scarves, cap-comforters, mackintosh, and gloves, and struggled up the muddy steps into the trench. It was pitch dark, but that was nothing new, for moonlight nights always seem to be rare in the



trenches. By long experience he knew the chief obstacles. As you came into the main trench there was a pile of iron rails which were apt to break your shin, and a telephone wire which always sagged at a height to knock your cap off, or even, on favourable days, to catch you under the nose. When you had found your cap and said what you had to say on the matter there was always a sentry who treated everyone coming up the trench as a potential spy: he had to be pacified. Sometimes he was rational; at others, only a most brilliant display of the lower forms of speech would convince him that you could not possibly be German. All these things the officer suffered. There were, further: (a) the water jump, where a selfish platoon had tried to prevent its neighbours on the left from using its trenches as a water conduit by erecting a dam, and thus creating a pond; (b) the slippery slide, where a shell had knocked the trench in and made a slope which grew more and more impassable under traffic, till finally the brigadier or the colonel fell up it and ordered its removal. These obstacles occurred at no fixed time or place.

But the main trench was as Bond Street compared to the Tambour and the Burlington Arcade. You started with a combination of (a) and (b). An overhead traverse, looming suddenly out of the darkness, made you duck your head, a slippery and badly laid duck-board gave the necessary impetus, and a large pool of liquid mud received and, as it were, initiated you by baptism into the mysteries still to come. These were of the usual type, raised to the *n*-th power. The pools were deeper, the trench narrower, the mud more sticky than elsewhere. There were no dug-outs, so everywhere stood watchful sentries, while their reliefs lay sleeping in most unnatural places and positions. Under the archways of the Arcade the darkness was Cimmerian, and, because of the shelter, the congestion of sleepers more acute, and the officer progressed with difficulty, amid a chorus of protest. On such occasions no one springs smartly to attention and salutes smartly with the right hand. At intervals round the trench appeared holes. These were of various shapes and sizes, varying with the ingenuity of the designer, the speed and skill shown in construction, and the subsequent alterations effected by enemy shell fire. All of them were entrances to various mine galleries. All, for some infernal reason, were about two feet high, so that to enter a man must grovel in the mud, and all at this hour were decorated by sleeping fatigue men deputed to carry away the stuff that came out of the mines. These the officer, as was his wont, stirred briskly with his foot. The sleeper would awake with a start, with a "the Germans are on us" look on his face, then gaze blankly at the electric torchlight, and would then, to cover his own sins, hurl himself on his companion with a "Wake up! Officer!" There followed the usual excuses, which resembled the pleadings in a libel action: first, that he wasn't asleep; second, that if he was, he hadn't been so long; and third, that if he had been, it was because the men below had given him no stuff to carry away.

This being settled, the officer doubled himself up ungracefully and vanished down the hole to where the miners proper worked. For the miner, in theory, is an aristocrat, a skilled workman, who condescends to plunge into the earth for the benefit of ungrateful infantry; but he treats the trenches as a necessary but distasteful accompaniment of his work, and will do no work in them that he can avoid. Hence the fatigue men on the top of the shafts. Down below was more activity, for the miner is used to working day and night, and, to do him justice, he doesn't care where and when he gets his sleep, so long as it is somewhere. It was only the weaker vessels who used to be overcome by human nature and, perhaps, bad supervision, and their shrift used to be particularly short. Once inside the hole, things improved for the time. By various means, according to the gallery, the officer went down, and always there were endless things to be watched. Here a bad piece of timber, worse put in; there a pile of sandbags which showed that someone had been slacking, or a rope which showed every

sign of breaking in the near future. At the bottom of the ladder, or slope, or whatever it was, the gallery proper began; and here, too, was the same pleasing variety. Speed is what counts in mining, and speed means galleries roughly made, often of uncertain direction, and with the ceiling rising and falling as it goes along. The direction, as a matter of fact, was most carefully checked, for it is no good exploding a mine if you don't know where you are; and there is a regrettable story about a new gallery which was presently found to have turned backwards, under our own trench, instead of under the Boche, and that gallery had to be abandoned. But, generally speaking, utility was the keynote everywhere, and so long as there was room to get stuff out, and men up and down, nothing more was asked for. But the officer was a good six feet, and after much painful experience he had had to acquire a most supple backbone and a head that took no heed of bumps. In many places it was cheaper even to crawl, for there comes a time when a certain place in the spinal column refuses to be bumped any longer.

With a map the mines look simple enough; but in practice they are hopelessly bewildering. The map gives no account of all the little ups and downs and turns and twists which careless work or the effect of enemy mines may produce. The result is that a novice, starting alone, will lose his way at once. The only consolation is that he is stopped from entering Boche territory by meeting a blank wall, and that, nearer home, he is bound to come to the bottom of a shaft sooner or later. In fact, it is only by so losing and finding himself that he learns his way underground, and then he is entirely happy. Stories about mines usually run to melodrama, as do most stories about war.

The miner, in particular, is viewed as a desperate and adventurous fellow, living in an atmosphere, so to speak, of perpetual explosion, working up to his knees in water, and descending great depths on very flimsy ladders. It is not so. There are melodramatic moments, which nobody enjoys; but for the most part the military miner is a respectable, middle-aged party, who would not for the world change jobs with the reckless infantryman, who has to put up with rain and snow and sun, and is exposed to all kinds of flying metal; whereas below ground the temperature is even, tolerable in winter, delicious in summer: you cannot be hit by shell or bullet, you are very seldom disturbed at work, you know what to do, and can usually do it. True, you may be suddenly squashed flat or poisoned by gas; but, even against these, most adequate precautions can be, and are, taken. Altogether, the miner sees no reason to make a fuss about things, and, given his rum and his rations regular, and the right to imaginary grievances, he is the most contented soul on earth; also one of the most efficient, though in a completely unsoldierlike way.

It would seem that the officer on duty has been forgotten; but these are the experiences of all mining officers, and therefore of this one. It is neither possible nor desirable to be too technical in print, and one has perforce to speak in generalities. Let the above suffice for some of them.

The officer proceeded on his way, and on reaching the end of a gallery was furious to find two men seated on the ground, with their backs to the wall, and a rapt expression on their faces. "Why aren't you working?" he said. "Listening time, sir", was the reply, given in a hoarse whisper, and he realised with a start that listening time indeed it was. He dashed off to his post. This was a gallery unpleasantly near to the enemy, where a chamber had been cut, ready to receive the charge of explosive, as it was judged unwise to push the gallery any farther. The gallery was then left, with the utmost thankfulness; but it was still necessary to listen there at intervals for enemy working. Like all other mines, it was an eerie place to enter, with only one candle to give light. The floor sloped steeply, the roof was low, and there was a peculiar musty smell, suggestive of all sorts of things. Altogether his nerves were not at their calmest as he crawled along the last part of the gallery and settled

down in the chamber to listen, with nothing but the drip, drip from the roof to keep him company and the occasional squelch of his boots as he shifted his position. He put his candle down and got into a comfortable position. When you have to listen for more than five minutes it is no good standing or kneeling in a theatrical attitude. The thing to aim at is to keep your breath easy and your clothes from rustling. At last he was settled: not a sound—absolute silence—and with that his imagination gave a little jump. Very brave at first: I suppose the relief is on and the new shifts not in yet. And then less brave, and almost fearful: suppose he has charged and is going to blow! It is a thought which comes, sooner or later, to everyone who listens in a mine and hears nothing. He is bound to sit still till the general resumption of work makes listening impossible, for two minutes' work by the enemy may give valuable information. But it is hard work, hard self-control; and it was with a great gasp of relief that he heard a loud tap-tap. Near, very near; but then he expected that, and could measure it, and if a man was working there, no mines would be exploded yet awhile. And with that he forgot all fears, and concentrated all his senses in his ears. Sound is a tricky and elusive sprite. Sometimes the noise seemed to come from one side, sometimes the other, and its intensity varied in the same absurd way. But after a time he grasped the real direction, and by the end of a quarter of an hour he could write on his report with some certainty: "Enemy at work half right, twenty feet distant, not very energetic". And with a grateful sigh he wriggled up the tunnel and went his rounds elsewhere, to see that work was going on again, and everything as it should be.

After a time there seemed to be nothing more to do underground, so he struggled up to the fresh air again, gasping not a little, for ladder-climbing is an art, and in any case not to be undertaken in full dress if it is desired to keep cool. He came out from the shaft head and sat down on the fire step. Time was getting on, he thought—7 o'clock at least—as he watched a red sun slowly heave himself out of a bank of wintry clouds. Not so cold, after all, this morning, and, by Jove! the mud really was getting sticky instead of being liquid. Emphatically not such a bad morning. Breakfast would be ready soon and—ah, yes—bacon! Funny how that smell takes one back. Old rooms in college, timid Freshmen coming very punctual, old friends very casual. Yes, and a clean tablecloth, and china plates and—yes, those were glorious—Whuffle, whuffle, hiss-s-s!—duck your head, sir!—crash!! And with a melancholy sigh the mining officer realised that the German grenadier discourages sentiment, and betook himself along the trench, ungracefully and with speed, to Bacon, ration, Army, G.S., without trimmings.

R. H.

#### DRAMATIC CRITICISM AS USUAL.

By JOHN PALMER.

IT is, of course, in the high, old Roman fashion, impossible. One gave it up immediately war broke out. Dramatic criticism as usual could only be practised by someone who had no feeling for what is going on to-day from Boulogne to Baghdad. It is of no use saying that Beethoven composed three concertos and a quartet while Napoleon was in Vienna, and that he probably never troubled to read the Imperial bulletins from Wagram. It is of no avail to point out that Shakespeare was writing and producing comedies while England was threatened with invasion, or that Milton heard only heaven's artillery on the day when the Dutch guns were loud in the Medway. The average critic of to-day is not Beethoven or Shakespeare or Milton, but just someone who, in the days before the war, was sufficiently interested in the theatre to prefer one sort of play to another, who became excited over the merits of this or that way of writing, producing, or acting, but who now finds it very difficult to be either angry with a bad play or pleased with a good one.

All this has nothing to do with the surface pricks of

the critic's métier at this time, though these are by no means negligible. In the first months of the war, partly from habit and partly from a sense of duty, one occasionally wrote with some vehemence about some of the sillier and more expensive entertainments which invaded even the better theatres of London in 1915. The theatre—that part of the theatre which writes to one or telephones to one's editor—had two ways of meeting this. "Why aren't you in khaki?" was one way—in spite of the great success of "The Man Who Stayed at Home". The other way was to ask what all the poor actors, actresses, painters, perruquiers, musicians, and electricians would do if the theatre went in for good plays which nobody wanted to see. Unfortunately, this last argument, if admitted, would make an end not only of dramatic criticism, which in these days would be but a trifle, but of the great bulk of our war legislation. It can be used with equal effect by confectioners, publicans, paper-makers, or anyone at all who is in any way affected by the sumptuary economies of war-time.

A fairer and really quite an unanswerable way for the theatre to meet its critics was the way of a very able manager who fairly and reasonably protested to me a little while ago: "Find me a really good play out of the mass of material offered for my inspection and I will produce it". This brings us to the real kernel of the matter. If criticism is difficult in these days, so, too, is dramatic authorship. Our best authors to-day are not of the Olympian sort who can shut their eyes and ears to the noise of the war. Most of them, indeed, are men who could not bear to be out of the war, and who are doing masses of work, some of it very dull and all of it very exacting work, in hospitals or huts or offices. There is a department in Westminster where a dramatist who in real life would be writing excellent plays sits not so very far away from a critic who in real life would be seriously criticising them. Occasionally, in going about their business, they meet; but the drama has not yet been mentioned between them. This is possibly very wrong. It will grieve the people, if there are any of them left, who think that art should, to the artist, be the only real thing in a world of phantasms. But there it is; and here we are really met by a genuine difficulty of the theatrical time. Criticism must needs allow for the fact that the authors who in peace-time were most likely to do good work for the theatre are to-day least likely to have taste or time for it.

The sort of dramatic criticism which, in times of peace and leisure, sat upon a high æsthetic Bench, dispensing justice, bestowing encouragement, and uttering reproof, has suffered a natural eclipse along with the plays which formerly provoked it. Such criticism in days like these inevitably becomes much ado about nothing; and there is no one who cares to practise it. All that a critic cares to do to-day is to act as an indulgent guide to those who occasionally want a play and are content to accept his opinion that, in the circumstances, and all things considered, such a play is rather more or less amusing than such another. It must be understood that even these opinions are given entirely without prejudice.

Here are some indications:

#### "HOBSON'S CHOICE."

This is one of the few plays now running which might have been recommended to playgoers at any time, and its success is one of the most gratifying dramatic events since the war broke out. It is the best play Mr. Brighouse has yet written, and it is most cleverly acted. The dialogue is terse and natural. The characters are well-observed. They live in their actions as well as in their speech. There is genuine amusement for everyone in this play, for it delicately shades from broad humour to fine wit.

#### "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE."

Mr. A. E. Thomas is to be congratulated upon having written a diverting and ingenious comedy. It handles lightly and with an engaging malice some of the lesser weaknesses, human and social, of people with time to refine upon their feelings. It has one of



the necessary qualities of good comedy in that it is often subtle without being in the least obscure. It is rather long for so short a story; but some clever players, headed by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, carry their audiences over the thin places with the help of some very accomplished acting. As originally cast, this play gave to Miss Marie Löhr an opportunity of showing a very fine sense of comedy, which one hopes she will not neglect for the easier conquests of an emotional favourite.

#### "ROMANCE."

This popular success may be most charitably described as the triumph of a talented actress over a repulsive play. Miss Doris Keane's portrait of a prima donna is a very striking feat of histrionic virtuosity. Whether the diversion of watching all the little tricks of craft and temperament she puts into the part justifies us in accepting the formula of a drama which plays (in the way so successfully practised by Mr. Hall Caine) indifferently upon the religious and sexual emotions of people who like to be in some doubt as to which emotions are which is a matter for the taste and intelligence of the individual playgoer.

#### "CHU CHIN CHOW."

All further criticism of this entertainment has been rendered unnecessary by Mr. Nelson Keys, who impersonates Miss Lily Brayton in the Palace burlesque. All that I ever intended to say in other times concerning Miss Brayton by way of friendly warning is conveyed by Mr. Keys with a cruel precision of which I am quite incapable. It only remains to say that Mr. Asche has successfully borrowed a vocabulary from Mr. Knoblock and a plot from Scheherazade, and that thereby he has written the libretto of a pantomime which should prove acceptable this Christmas to the young people for its story and to their elders for its scenic appointments and an infinitely variable décolletage. There is a robber chorus for those in their first, and a sentimental song for those in their second, childhood.

#### "THE MISLEADING LADY."

This play has throughout the charm of youth. Its crudity is amazing, but it is a crudity which refreshes. It does everything which a play can do to outrage our sense of literary and dramatic delicacy; but it no more offends our taste than the clumsy gambols of a young mastiff. It belongs to an order of existence where taste has never existed and cannot therefore be offended. Vehement lectures on the true function of women are intermingled with a horseplay beside which Petruchio's treatment of Katharina is a Hampstead idyl. This play contains Mr. Weedon Grossmith in a part which is probably the best thing he has ever done. On paper it is just the part of a poor madman who thinks he is Napoleon, and who is supplied by his author with a few stock phrases. But of this Mr. Grossmith has created an unforgettable picture—one that will haunt the fancy of many playgoers long after the play, or any play now running, is quite forgotten. He compels us to behold his imaginary empires and to share, in moments of pathetic lucidity, his fleeting consciousness of their unsubstantial character. His whole performance is queerly touching, and, though it may seem a strange word to use for such an endeavour, quite hauntingly beautiful. The Vergilian phrase hovers all about him: *Mentem mortalia tangunt*.

#### "A PIERROT'S CHRISTMAS."

The attraction here is Mr. Norman McKinnel, who, with a characteristically deliberate audacity, has undertaken to show that there may be more in Pierrot than meets the conventionally romantic eye. His Pierrot is an intellectual Pierrot. He has a sense of humour and a point of view. The merely superficial wrath and the silly simplicity of the traditional Pierrot—him of the floured face and preconceived gestures—are not for this contemplative philosopher. This Pierrot thinks, and therefore he is very dangerous. There is nothing plaintive about him or about his passion for the little Fanette. This passion of his can be ugly when it is

suddenly crossed, but it is mostly tender and wise and deep. How Mr. McKinnel conveys all this, and a good deal more, without so much as uttering a word or resorting to any of the elaborate pantomime associated with the part, is his own particular secret. Mr. McKinnel has the most eloquent silence of any player upon our stage, and he uses it for all it is worth in "A Pierrot's Christmas".

#### AT THE CALL OF THE MOON.

By N. C. HERMON-HODGE.

THE Autumn moon came and peeped in at my window and called to me. And her voice was full of melancholy, very sweet and strange, and it came to me as I slept, and I awoke.

But I knew not that it was the moon who had called: I went to the window and looked up into her face, all ruddy with the glow of Autumn. And still she called me, though I knew not who it was; and I put on my clothes, and went out into the Woods, whither she led me.

The Woods were hung and draped with tapestries of mist; the faces of the toadstools—crimson, white, orange, and purple—were all a-glimmer with the dew that was almost frost. They clustered among mosses that were strangely green, and in the brown dead beech-leaves. Sometimes the trees shivered gently at the touch of the night-wind, and the tinted leaves dropped one by one, slowly, always without sound. There was Silence among the Woods.

Then I saw, from out the mists and shadows, arise the Fairies. And they played among the toadstool rings, and as they played they wove around them with their hands strange shapes and fancies in the mist. Wreaths they made of the curling vapours, and tossed them one to another, and I caught the shimmer of rainbow wings, and the glint of rare and beautiful stones. I heard the patter of little feet among the leaves, and the tinkle of fairy laughter, that was as if a thousand hare-bells chimed together as they swung in the arms of a summer breeze.

For a while I stood marvelling, and without understanding: for never before had I seen the Fairies, though often the moon had called to me in vain, when I knew not whose voice it was that called.

But of a sudden, as I watched, I saw that the Fairies played with the thoughts of men, and laughed as they tossed them to and fro among the shadows. Dreams they wove out of the hanging mists, and little fancies; but also I saw that they played with wandering memories, and with thoughts that no man had dared utter.

And when I heard the laughter of the Fairies as they played with the dreams and memories of men I shivered: for I felt that the mists were dank and chill, and it was lonely to be in the Woods at night, when the Fairies were abroad. Everywhere there twinkled little eyes, that winked and gleamed and were gone; and little hands that wove and wove among the mists and interlacing shadows, playing always with the dreams and memories of men; and I listened to the little laughing echoes. Old thoughts I saw, and half-uttered longings: myths, and tales that none had believed: and little unheard sighs.

And still I stayed, and saw the Fairies playing with all these, and with the dreams and memories of men.

Then suddenly I knew that it was the moon who had called me, and that she called with the voice of an ancient memory, and she led me away from the Woods, and from the dancing Fairies who laughed as they played with the thoughts of men: away over the open fields, all grey with dew, and studded with springing mushrooms, that came silently in the night at the tread of Autumn: home through the silence to the place where I lived.

And she looked in once more at my window, her dreaming face all aglow with the reflection of Autumn: and lo, she was gone!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## OUR FRIEND AND ALLY ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have followed the correspondence in your journal on the subject of the Serbian Society with keen interest, and as a lifelong lover of Italy I cannot help thinking that the attitude taken up by Mr. Steed, as representing the Serbian Society, is likely to be the cause of serious danger to the alliance between Italy and England.

No sane person would for a moment dream of doubting that what Lord Cromer says he believes to be true; but it is just possible that the information on which Lord Cromer made his statement may stand very much more in need of a testimonial.

I base this statement on a map which I have seen published in London by the Jugo-Slavs, purporting to give in pictorial form the extent of territory in South-Eastern Europe which is inhabited by Jugo-Slavs. This caused me some surprise, especially when I noticed that the entire littoral of the Adriatic, from the Italian border to Scutari, is, according to the map, a purely Slav country.

I happen to know personally the north and north-eastern Adriatic coasts, with a certain amount of the hinterland, and never in my wildest dreams should I have dreamt of calling that part of which I speak, whether town or country, anything but Italian. Perhaps Mr. Steed knows the country better than I do. If so he will probably be able to give good reasons for the extraordinary ethnographical distribution marked on the map in this part of the Adriatic; but I should like to ask him how he explains the fact that from Scutari northwards the only traces of influence on architectural features which can be found are purely Italian. Spalato, Zara, Fiume, Abbazia, and Trieste must be extremely well known to a considerable body of travelling Englishmen. I feel certain they would receive the news that the architectural features which so struck them in Dalmatia and Istria are Slav or Jugo-Slav with surprise.

In my innocence I had relied on my acquaintance with Italian history, and especially history of the Venetian Republic, as an evidence that the Italian counted more than anybody else in the civilised settlements on the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts. It looks as if I must readjust all my historical reading in the light of the new Jugo-Slavish claims.

Italians are fully aware of the statement made by Lord Robert Cecil concerning our Ally, and, strong in the age-long friendship between Italy and England, rely on the sacredness of England's word. I ask you, then, with what feelings are they likely to contemplate a propaganda which seems as if intended to cast doubts on the serious engagements of the British Government?

Yours,

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

## THE SERBIAN SOCIETY AND ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 December 1916.

SIR,—One of your anonymous correspondents asks me to answer "in unequivocal terms" the following question: "Is or is not the Serbian Society of Great Britain co-operating with the Jugo-Slav Committee of London, Paris, and Geneva?" He adds that "if it is, then it is aiding a propaganda not only hostile to our Ally Italy, but contrary, too, to the official policy of Great Britain as expressed by the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in his speech at the Mansion House on 24 November".

The Serbian Society has not yet had an opportunity to co-operate with the Jugo-Slav Committee, but it looks forward to friendly co-operation with it as with the British-Italian League, the Anglo-Czech Society, and any other organisations that have been, or may be, formed in this country, in France, Italy, or Russia for the purpose of promoting knowledge of the essential conditions of a lasting peace in Europe.

The Serbian Society, as its programme has clearly stated, is at once pro-Southern Slav and pro-Italian. It does not recognise any necessary conflict between Italian and Southern Slav rights and interests. It believes, as the Italian Premier, Signor Boselli, stated in the Italian Chamber on 7 December, that "peace, to be lasting, must replace the equilibrium based upon 'famous' treaties by an equilibrium built up upon the rights of nationalities". It is, however, essentially anti-German, and, as its programme shows, is convinced that one of the strongest barriers against German attempts to secure the mastery of the East and the hegemony of the Adriatic will be a strong and united Southern Slav State working in agreement with Italy.

The only means of securing peace in the Adriatic is to exclude from it German military and political influence. This might be done either by Italian occupation and possession of the whole eastern shore of the Adriatic, with its hinterland, or by a close agreement and alliance between Italy and a united Southern Slav State. Not even the most ambitious Italian considers the former method practicable, even were it in theory desirable. The second method alone is feasible. It follows that those who seek to promote discord and distrust between Italy and the Southern Slavs are in reality working for an Austrian or Hungarian—i.e., in practice a German—outlet in the Adriatic.

The effect of attempts to discredit the Southern Slav Committee, which consists of men of known antecedents and Southern Slav patriotism, and, in general, of all endeavours to make invidious distinction between Southern Slavs and Serbians, is to comfort the enemy and to damage the interests of Southern Slavs and of Italians alike. The Serbian Government repudiates such distinctions. Only recently the veteran Serbian Premier, M. Pashitch, telegraphed as follows to the President of the Jugo-Slav Congress of both Americas, held at Pittsburg:

"Receive my cordial and brotherly salute, with my wishes that the work of the Jugo-Slav Congress may be crowned by the liberty and independence of all the Serbo-Croat-Slovenes. . . . You must know that Serbia will never deny her brethren. She will defend them to the utmost limit of her strength. Help her to fulfil her brotherly thought. Help her to accomplish her divine mission of liberation and unification of all the Southern Slav countries. We do not desire what belongs to others, but we shall not give up what belongs to us".

As to the speech of the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the Mansion House on 24 November, the following passage is sufficiently eloquent:

"Our German enemies turn from attempting to sow dissension between us and our Italian Allies, and try to create ill-feeling between the Jugo-Slav aspirations and the Italian purposes. I believe that attempt is doomed to failure. I do not believe that there is any real conflict between the two national ideals. I am certain there is room for both. It only wants clear understanding on both sides to avoid misconception."

It is the purpose of the Serbian Society to work quietly for this "clear understanding", which must be based upon knowledge of all the facts in Italy among the Jugo-Slavs and in the Allied countries. The correspondence in your columns proves the interest already felt in this matter. If your correspondents will pursue their inquiries fairly and impartially there can be no doubt as to the conclusions to which they will come. They will probably then agree with Miss Edith Durham that no more "terre Irredente" should be formed, and that "we have had enough, and too much, of them. Sooner or later they always cause war." This also is the belief of the Serbian Society and of the best and highest-minded of our Italian friends.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

WICKHAM STEED,

Acting Chairman of the Serbian Society of Great Britain.



To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“A Lover of Italy” is graciously pleased not to doubt the good faith of Lord Cromer, but adds, “I do doubt the good faith of the active members of the Serbian Society”. Such insinuations do not come well from an anonymous correspondent, but, as I am one of those against whom his attack is specially directed by name, you will perhaps find space for a rejoinder.

It is absolutely untrue to assert that the Jugo-Slav Committee is conducting a propaganda hostile to Italy, unless “Italy” be identified with those who desire to annex to the kingdom of Italy large tracts of territory which have been Slavonic from time immemorial. The declaration of the Italian Premier, emphasising “the just claims of neighbouring Slavonic nationalities and the necessities of their economic development”, ought to provide a common platform for Italian and Slav. “A Lover of Italy” seems to imagine that Signor Boselli’s reference to “an active propaganda which derives its origin from intelligible enemy manoeuvres” is a rebuke for the Jugo-Slav Committee. In reality it is a rebuke for those controversialists in the Germanophil and “Nationalist” Press of Italy who have reproduced from German sources in Switzerland the gross calumnies directed against the exiled Southern Slav leaders, and have then refused to publish the latter’s detailed and impressive refutation of the charge. Personally, I have known most of these leaders well for years, and knowing all the persecutions to which they have been subjected by the Austrian and Hungarian authorities and the attempts which were made to ruin them by methods of forgery and espionage during the Agram and Friejung trials, I protest most vigorously against the disgraceful intrigue which now seeks to denounce them as paid agents of the Austrian Government. They are all under sentence of death at home, their property has been confiscated, and they can never return to their native country unless we succeed in liberating it. They have sacrificed everything to the cause of Southern Slav unity. To me it is a special regret that such attacks should come from the country of Mazzini, whose ideals are those of the Croats to-day, and who repeatedly expressed his sympathy with the Southern Slav movement of his day. But I decline to believe that modern Italy will allow the spirit of “sacro egoismo” and of the Dreibund to overpower the great Mazzinian tradition.

Even more unjust is “A Lover of Italy’s” insinuation that the Croats and Slovenes are antagonistic to the Serbs, have fought against them without reluctance, and would be surprised at the activity of the Serbian Society. Everyone in Croatia is quite well aware of the efforts which are being made in Entente countries on behalf of the Southern Slavs, as also of the attempts to counteract these efforts. Needless to say, the Hungarian and Austrian Governments and their Press follow the affair very closely, and do their best to exploit exaggerated claims on the part of Italian extremists. When eighteen months ago the Jugo-Slav Committee issued its manifesto to the British Parliament and nation in favour of Southern Slav unity under the Serbian dynasty, the Hungarian Premier tried to force the parties in the Diet of Croatia to repudiate its action. Yet not merely no party, but not even a single member of any party, not even of the party whose pre-war programme had been anti-Serb, could be induced to do so. They have been unanimous in their refusal to make any pronouncement against Serbia or the Entente.

Meanwhile the Croat and Slovene soldiers have surrendered in thousands to the Serbians and Russians. It is also untrue to say that they fought without reluctance against them. While Serbia was still free they acted as enthusiastic volunteer frontier guards for the Serbian Army in Macedonia. But the crowning proof of their devotion to Serbia and Jugo-Slav unity is the formation of the Jugo-Slav Army—consisting of well over a division—at Odessa. It is they who have been the heroes of the earliest fighting in the Dobrudja. At one time they were fighting alone on

two fronts for twenty-four hours: they went in 15,000 strong and came out 4,000. It so happens that I have just received a letter from Dr. Elsie Inglis, the head of the Scottish Women’s Hospital Unit with the Jugo-Slav Army, in which she tells me many details of their heroism. The Russian General commanding on that front said to her “C’était magnifique, magnifique, ils sont des héros”, and another Russian said to her, “We were not quite sure of these Austrian Serbs, but no one will ever doubt them again”. Your other correspondent, “An English Friend of Italy”, is evidently unaware of the fact that Dalmatian Croats are fighting gallantly in the British Army, having volunteered in New Zealand and other parts of the Empire.

Finally, the attempt to distinguish between Serbia and her Government on the one hand and the Jugo-Slavs on the other, is absolutely futile. The Serbian Government has officially adopted the unity of all Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. That programme was publicly endorsed by the Serbian Prince Regent in his speech to a distinguished deputation in London last spring, and emphasised by him in his instructions to the Serbian officers whom he sent to lead the Jugo-Slav Army at Odessa. It was reiterated quite recently by the army order of General Zivkovitch, and this very week by the Serbian Premier, M. Pashitch. In view of these facts I contend that the Serbian Society is amply justified in treating “Serbian” and “Southern Slav” as interchangeable terms.

In spite of “A Lover of Italy’s” attempt to juggle with words, we shall “co-operate” with the Jugo-Slav Committee, as with the British-Italian League, or any other Society here or abroad whose aims are equally compatible with our own. Our membership, however, is limited to British subjects, and we are only responsible as a Society for the literature published under our own name. I may, however, add that the Jugo-Slav maps which “A Lover of Italy” describes as “preposterous” mainly aim at showing the racial distribution of the Southern Slav race, and though I am not prepared to accept them in every detail, I have no hesitation whatever in maintaining, on the basis of my years of study of the question, that they are infinitely less preposterous than many maps now circulating in Italy, which treat not merely Trieste and Istria, but the entire coast of Croatia and Dalmatia as Italian.

I am, Sir, etc.,  
R. W. SETON-WATSON.

#### “SIDE SHOWS.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In describing our efforts in the Near East, at Gallipoli and Salonika, as “Side Shows”, we must not lose sight of the fact that German efforts in the Near East may win the war for her; in the event of an indecisive result in France and Poland.

Germany forced this war in order to make her influence dominant from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, which means that, when Turkish political power is finally extinct, Germany hopes to have the task of reviving the prosperity of what was once the Eastern Empire; the territory from the Danube to Greece, and from the Bosphorus to the Taurus, whose greatest city is Constantinople. A thousand years ago these lands were in the forefront of Christian civilisation, and their potential wealth is enormous.

If, even without a decision in France or Poland, Germany can tighten her hold on the Balkan States and Asia Minor, and make herself supreme at Constantinople, she will have won the war; and, even more decisively, our Ally Russia will have lost the war. That is why Germany would make peace now on almost any terms as far as France, Belgium, and Poland are concerned.

It cannot be too often repeated, and it is not often enough asserted, that the war has resolved itself into one between Germany and Russia for the possession of Constantinople.

It is true that we did not go to war in order to help Russia to win Constantinople. It is hardly too much to

say that our traditional policy, from the Crimean War till recently, of helping Turkey against Russia, has been one great factor in making the present war inevitable. Even now it is doubtful whether we should have abandoned that policy if Turkey had not thrown in her lot with Germany.

But now that the alternative between Germany and Russia as the heir of Turkey is inevitable, there can be no shadow of doubt that all our interests are bound up with the success of Russia.

With Russia dominant over the Slav States and Asia Minor, we should have almost as great an influence over their returning prosperity as Russia herself. With Germany dominant our influence would be nil. With Russia dominant a large share of the exports of food from the ports of the Eastern Mediterranean and Black Sea would come to us in exchange for our manufactures. With Germany dominant our trade with these countries and with Russia would dwindle and die. It would be impossible for our honourable obligations to our Ally to be more absolutely in accord with our own interests.

So that when you describe these campaigns in the Near East as "Side Shows", and rightly plead that they should not be allowed to weaken us in France, it is the more necessary to make it clear that the Allies will only have won the war when, among other things, Russia is supreme in Asia Minor and Constantinople is in her hands, and when the Mediterranean is swept clear of enemy influences.

Yours faithfully,  
LAURENCE W. HODSON.

#### IRELAND AND COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Can any sound reason be advanced why conscription should not be applied to Ireland? Is there any reason—beyond the fact that it would not be acceptable to rebels and to the Nationalist leaders—why this one part of the United Kingdom should be dishonoured by being exempt from the honour and obligation of serving the country in time of need?

Without wishing to make any invidious distinction between those who at the beginning enlisted voluntarily and went to serve their country and those who have since, under the Act, become members of our great Army, it was perfectly well known there were thousands of young men in this country who were quite ready and willing to go, but waited till ordered, on the principle that, "if we are wanted, we shall be fetched". The same thing applies to Ireland, and every sane and honest man knows that conscription, and that alone, will do the trick.

According to figures of the Registrar-General, there are now 547,827 men of military age in Ireland—this, for some unexplained reason, does not appear to include males of 18-19 years of age; though juggling with figures and deducting indispensables and unfit may greatly reduce these numbers, there are at the lowest estimate 300,000 men ready (and a large proportion, I trust, willing) to go and do their duty when called upon.

If, when this tardy Compulsion Act became law, Ireland had not been held up to odium by being cut out—at the bidding of disloyalists, whom the Government continually went out of their way to conciliate—there would have been no difficulty, and it would have gone far to solve all the trouble in that misgoverned and unfortunate country. Now, though it may not work quite so smoothly, it should be enforced without delay. Nothing else will be fair to the United Kingdom—the Empire and the Allies.

Incidentally, the only way to save Ireland herself, her reputation and her honour—to remove the eternal disgrace that she has not done her share—is to apply the same just law of Universal Military Service, as in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Le secret d'ennuyer est de tout dire, and arguments and political discussions may be endless; but, apart from all considerations of loyalty and military necessity—which, knowing their avowed sentiments, one would perhaps hardly

look for in the Irish leaders—what do they expect to gain for their country by placing her in a situation which is condemned by all the nations, and alienates all sympathy?

What consideration or recognition can she expect to receive after the war if she has not taken her part?

Before condemning Ireland for the present ignoble position she holds, and damning her people as shirkers, it is only fair to point out that these ignorant and deluded people are not so much to blame for the existing situation as the politicians who have betrayed them—the Nationalist so-called leaders and the Government, who refused to do their plain duty.

Yours, etc.,  
Y. L.G.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

43, Park Lane,  
12 December 1916.

SIR,—In your leader under the above heading you say you doubt whether Mr. Lloyd George is a Chatham and Napoleon rolled into one; and also whether Mr. Asquith is an indecisive, incapable, drifting wobbler. I express no opinion on either of these propositions. But you then go on to say, "put Mr. Lloyd George exactly where Mr. Asquith was, preserve the War Council and the big Cabinet in their recent forms, continue the tradition of democracy with which we started the war and waged it for about two years—namely, the tradition that people must not do anything they don't want to do—and Mr. George would then no more be able to retrieve Roumania than is Mr. Asquith able." This is undeniable, but I venture to say it begs the whole question. The point is, if Mr. George had been in 1914 in a position of almost supreme power, would he not have "shattered to bits" the above-quoted conditions, "and then remoulded nearer to the heart's desire"?

Or would he have not only accepted those conditions for more than two years, but have practically supported and defended them as the only possible ones for a free, democratic nation? I think from Mr. George's speeches during those two years, for which he (as well as the SATURDAY REVIEW) was called "unpatriotic", and also other things, we may safely say he would not have taken the latter course—I may add also, to judge by his present action.

It may well be that he would have done much better had he shown himself the strong man, as Sir Edward Carson did, more than a year ago. But that is another story.

Yours, etc.,  
J. F. MURPHY (CAPT.).

P.S.—I should have added that you went on to say "to succeed at home Mr. Lloyd George must kick to pieces, of course, the pre-1914 traces". Yes, that is just the point. Is it not more than likely that he would have done this "kicking to pieces" long ago, had he been Prime Minister?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 December 1916.

SIR,—I feel you do yourself an injustice in a note on Mr. Lloyd George in your last issue. You seem to me to take up a merely obstinate attitude in reasserting your view of his lack of "hard metal" expressed in your article of a few months ago. There is nothing in that article, and certainly nothing in the mentality of the SATURDAY REVIEW, which precludes the possibility of a development of this quality in our subject. He has already given you by his war-development grounds for revising your opinion of him; he is still comparatively young, and notoriously subject to his mental environment, and he is certainly most favourably placed to develop this "hardness" quality; for he has the whole country behind him, and whatever hardness he was disposed to show in this, the greatest crisis in history, and in circumstances which will certainly



call for hard leadership, would no more than reflect the mood of the country, whether that hardness were directed on ourselves or against the enemy. I feel privileged to say this because I told you I agreed with your article at the time. I can quite understand the SATURDAY REVIEW shrinking from seeming to swing with any crowd against a declared recent opinion of its own. This is characteristic, and shows a note in you which your readers value very much; but on the merits of the case it seems to do less than justice to your intellectual side, which is valued quite as much. I hope I may yet see you lashing out in support of some hardness of Mr. Lloyd George against the crowd which fears it so much, and which is now backing him with the complete unanimity from which you dissociate yourself—slightly.

Yours faithfully,  
APPRECIATOR.

#### LORD HALDANE AND HIS RECORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Heaths,  
Haslemere, Surrey,  
6 December 1916.

SIR,—Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW must be grateful for the last batch of letters on the above subject. Lord Haldane believes himself to be a specialist in science and education. Science we must have, and we require technical education in every department; but someone will be found better qualified to deal with these matters than Lord Haldane. His darling subject is metaphysics, but his method of thought is not one calculated to draw the best from the British youthful mind. Celtic and Latin ideals are coming into their own at last; and, if we require heavier mental material, we shall resort to the discerning Slav, and not to the materialistic Teuton. Lastly, we feel pretty sure that, from the "spiritual" attitude of the Tübingen-tutored mind, Lord Haldane's pupils would regard our orthodox beliefs as superstitions, and so neglect that spirit of worship which must have an outlet, and which in Germany has led to a worship of material force and laid the world in ruins. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
FLORENCE GAY (MRS.)

#### THE CASE AGAINST GERMAN MUSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Harlech, North Wales.

SIR,—“Caledonia's” explanation of Scotland's musical conditions does not get away from my assertion that at present there is not one single orchestra playing within her borders. When things are “flourishing” there is one orchestra in the whole of Scotland. Does “Caledonia” think this is as it should be? Neither I nor anyone else with any balance suggests “Festivals” of British music. It has been starved too long to stand such a strain. But native music can always be included. This, I maintain, Scotland has failed to do, and, indeed, has been one of the worst sections of the country for ignoring it.

Yours, etc.,  
J. HOLBROOKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Via Catone 6, Roma.

9 December 1916.

SIR,—I have been reading for some time, with very great interest and no end of amusement, the delightful letters which have been appearing in your paper against what your correspondents have so humorously termed “German music”. Not to be behind the barbarous Britons, here, too, we have been playing “the giddy ass”. The other day at our best theatre, the “Augusteo”, we indulged in the diversion of a riot and, by sheer force of lungs and muscles and the scaring of women and children, drove “German music” from our midst, since when it has been exiled from this theatre, where, now (as people

do not go to concerts from patriotic motives), the orchestra plays mostly for its own diversion.

We, at least, have a music of our own, “such as it is”, though it is not much pleasure to listen to it unaccompanied by brilliant scenic effects, glowing costumes, and the latest developments in stage electric-lighting; but what are you, our poor little Ally, to do, who have never produced a composer of your own worth the snuff of a tallow candle, when you turn your insular backs on the rich heritage “the nation of culture” has given the world in music?

Very sincerely your well-wisher,  
VISCONTE ARTURO DELLA ROCCAFORTE.

#### THE COMMON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood, Woking.

SIR,—In these dark December days, when the dripping woods are full of gloom and country roads are deep in mud, what a place of refreshment and delight is the open common!

There one may find a dozen little paths to follow, leading one knows not where, but all bounded by the rich brown-crimson dried flower tufts of heather and ling, and ending somewhere in that haze of distant hills where the trees show orange and purple beneath the grey veil of the hanging mists.

On the common near by one such narrow sandy path, like a silver ribbon winding through the heather, leads to a deep sand-pit, where one may sit on some boisterous blowy day in perfect shelter, and upon a seat of heather and dried grasses drink in the “sweet secret of the open air”, and marvel afresh at the wonder of the flying clouds speeding along overhead at the bidding of the winds that blow from whence they list.

Few birds are to be seen, but the mirthless laugh of the green woodpecker is often heard as he plays his lonely game of hide-and-seek or takes short flights from tree to tree in the neighbouring pine woods.

In one corner of the quarry, which has been deeply dug, there is often after heavy rain a shallow lake, and in this moist and sheltered corner the birds and carrying winds seem to have conspired together to make a little garden, for in summer such stray flowers as *eschscholtzia*, mallow and columbine grow there, and small bushes of the “American” blackberry, with its delicately cut leaves and bronze colouring, are to be found.

Up above in the open ground hundreds of minute fir-trees spring up among the heather and gorse, and when after a shower the sun shines out each tufted plume of tapering green holds its myriad hanging globes of opal, flame and sapphire; and so vivid are these colours against the background of green that children sometimes run to gather the “flowers” as they suppose, only to find that, like some tantalising will-o'-the-wisp, they ever flit ahead to shine more alluringly on the branch just beyond.

In the absence of the birds the spiders seem to have things all their own way, and from prickle to prickle of the low furze bushes spin their “glossy traverses of silken change” in a network of glistening fairy wind-screens, and who knows what dainty revels may have been held on moonlight nights upon soft carpets of emerald mosses and amongst the golden tussocks of dried grasses in those far, far-away days—before the war! Alas, now

“The Wind moans in the Wood,

The Leaf drops from the Tree;

The cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,

The Mist comes up from the Sea”!

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

#### HOW TO TREAT THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I gather from the newspapers that the British soldier's attitude towards the Germans is one of good-humoured contempt. I can quite understand this feeling,

which is sporting and characteristic of our nation, but I strongly deprecate it. Shall we never learn that generous sporting instincts are not merely a mistake but a danger in dealing with a nation like the Germans?

The only kind of contempt that a German appreciates (I use the word in its proper sense) is the kind that is conveyed through the toe of a boot or the lash of a whip. Good-humoured contempt is outside his ken altogether, he only sees the good humour, and good humour in an enemy is with him a sign of weakness—or even fear. I do not blame the individual British soldier for treating his prisoners kindly, it is in the very marrow of an Englishman's bones to be considerate to a beaten adversary, but this war is not a game of cricket, and as soon as these prisoners are handed over to the proper authorities I think their education—the education which we shall eventually have to force upon the whole German nation—should begin. Let them have bare food and lodging and nothing else. Let them be made to feel that they are the lepers of Europe, that they are lucky to have their lives spared, and that they have forfeited all claim to kindness and consideration of any sort. It is the only way. What right have we to treat with kindness and consideration the men who have helped to do the unspeakable things the German Army has done in Belgium and Northern France? If a tenth part of those things had been done in England itself there would be no German prisoners and I should have had no occasion to write this letter. Are we so utterly self-centred and unimaginative that we cannot show a little practical sympathy with our French and Belgian comrades in this matter? The sporting instincts of the British have been a great asset to the Allies during the first part of the war, but I am beginning to fear that they will be a grave drawback to any satisfactory finish.

Yours faithfully,

C. A.

#### THE SHOP CLOSING ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—What a farce this bungling shop-closing legislation is! No sensible reason can be produced for the drastic conduct of the Government towards small shop-keepers. The tale that it has been brought about to save light is utterly absurd, because the lighting restrictions had stopped window lighting long since, and the few shaded lights inside shops could not possibly be considered of any importance. It is a fact that the cash taken by small shops (until after teatime) is quite insufficient to run them profitably. The Government have simply produced a measure which will cast multitudes of thrifty people on the rocks. If nine o'clock closing had been arranged Monday to Friday inclusive and ten Saturdays—the sales of all kinds of goods prohibited in all places after that hour—common sense and justice would have been discernible.

The Government are daily spending many millions of money, and in order to obtain help to bear our national burdens they appear to think it is necessary to ruin tradespeople. Some of their methods seem as wise as it would be to try to store water by pouring it into sieves.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. MARRIS.

#### NICHOLSON AND WILSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We shall be told that Mr. Lloyd George has headed an intrigue against Mr. Asquith. Was the brave Nicholson an intriguer? Did he not decide that unless General Wilson would harden his heart and order an immediate attack on Delhi he would, at the General's own Council-table, propose his removal from the Command? We have the story from the pen of Lord Roberts himself, and Lord Roberts was not an admirer of intrigues.

Mr. Lloyd George has done what Nicholson had resolved on doing if General Wilson failed to get on with the war—no more and no less.

Yours, etc.,

ANGLO-INDIAN.

#### FOOD SUPPLY IN WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dongola, 25, Heygate Avenue,

Southend-on-Sea,

4 December 1916.

SIR,—In a letter dealing with the above, dated 30 July 1914, and which appeared by your courtesy in the SATURDAY REVIEW, 1 August 1914, page 142, I drew the attention of the Government to the danger of starvation this country was courting by our slavish dependence on foreign powers for the greater part of our food supply. That letter must now, sir, unhappily, be considered more or less as prophetic.

Had the Government taken over the land then for the period of the war and cultivated every square inch of soil, instead of bread being 10d. per 4 lb. loaf, and flour 1s. per quartern and all other foodstuffs in proportion, we should, the last 18 months, not only have had food in abundance for our own population, but have been in a position to have exported an enormous quantity, especially to our Allies. There is sufficient land in these Islands, making every allowance for bog, morass, and forest, to feed quite three times the present population. It was the opinion of the late General Sir Arthur Cotton—*vide* my letter 1 August 1914 in the SATURDAY REVIEW—that we could feed 200,000,000 of souls. By taking over the railways, "cornering" sugar, commandeering factories, workshops, &c., and nationalising the South Wales Coal Mines (why not all coal mines and shipping for the period of the war?) the Government have torn up all their text-books on political economy; then why not have gone one little step further and taken over the land?

Had the Government acted thus wisely as far-seeing statesmen the war might have been over some months ago, for it is very clear our Navy, released of the responsibility of safeguarding our food transports, could have given more assistance in the war by an absolute blockade of Germany, convoying troopships, &c., and protecting the hospital ships.

Our Navy has, however, performed a gigantic task which will one day be known and appreciated; but a task which should never have been set it! Let the Government act as sensible men by *at once* taking over the land and cultivating it scientifically, relieving the Navy of its stupendous work, and bringing contentment to the people by providing food at reasonable prices!

It is not all of us who are making money out of the war; large numbers, from the aristocracy down to the old age pensioners, are feeling keenly the cost of things. Those of the working and lower middle-classes who are not engaged in munition works are practically semi-starving! Hunger is a sharp thorn! Hunger, in the main, caused the French Revolution, which produced rivers of blood. Why should hunger cause here a revolution when we can produce all the food we require?

But the Government *must act at once* if the land is to be tilled this year for next.

In conclusion, I beg to call the Government's attention also to my letter, "The War and English Sugar", which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW, 26 September 1914.

Yours truly,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

#### "LIFE AFTER DEATH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Villa Lucioles, Monte Carlo,

3 December 1916.

SIR,—I have just read Sir A. Conan Doyle's review of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond, or Life after Death", in which he states that he has had communication with his son, who was killed in the war. Can Sir Oliver give any reason *why* he should have been so specially favoured when hundreds of parents have lost a son under similar circumstances?

Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY CLARKSON.



## REVIEWS.

THE COOKLESS HOMES OF ENGLAND,  
HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY STAND!

"Life Without Servants; or, the Re-discovery of Domestic Happiness." By a Survivor. Mills and Boon. 1s. net.

THE house without servants is no new thing. Now and then, even forty years ago, Utopia was faintly realised; and if success was never quite attained, the fault lay in existing conditions, that gave on the one hand a minimum of labour-saving appliances and on the other a batterie de cuisine whose cleansing presented the maximum of toil and unpleasantness. Our grandmother's enthusiasm for the necessity of "elbow grease" was justified in the making of hardy servants, but it reacted heavily upon the "domestic lady".

To-day conditions are changed, and Soyer's motto, "Cleanliness is the soul of the kitchen", has an ease in fulfilment of which he assuredly never dreamed. The ordinary boast of the middle-class parent, "My girl does nothing in the house; I do not allow her to soil her hands", has lost point. Fireproof china and contrivances to assist each process of cleaning are with us. The daintiest may achieve unaided the triumph of a well-kept house without spoiling her hands or her temper. Moreover, she dare open the kitchen to her friends, and that in the same spirit in which the scientist shows his laboratory, the artist her studio. Why not? The cooking place has ceased to be the domain and living-room of employees. It stands empty, save in the hours when legitimate operations are done there. It is sparsely furnished and open-windowed. It is always fresh and clean. On the dresser stands the "best china", that is brought now into daily use. Everything suggests quiet pleasure and emancipation. In such a place it were not incongruous to use the old-time measure to boil your egg or heat your broth: the space of a paternoster for this; a credo for that.

The present booklet treats of the domestic adventure, and describes it alluringly and well. Perhaps two points may invite criticism. The rest calls for praise. The first concerns "certain advantages" with which "Survivor" started his own experiments. Since it is clear that "hot and cold water laid on in every room", electric lighting, and a complete heating apparatus are things out of reach of the many, by just so much it strikes us will his example be depreciated in the view of the general. The second point is more serious. It is the indictment of "ladies of England" as "the most inefficient women in the whole world". "In the homes", says "Survivor", "of the great bulk of the British people you will find, among other disagreeable things, such as plush furniture, the worst cooking in the whole world", and he affirms that "we think ourselves too grand for it". Shade of an anachronism! Are not plush furniture and shoddy pride removed and forgotten from our midst? Long ago there was, it would seem, a prejudice against efficient house-service on the part of the house-mistress; the English lady had fixed her canon against that which was "menial", and the once comprehensive but since distinctive term carried its restrictions into nursery, drawing-room, and kitchen. In those unspacious times it was judged possible to make jam, dust a room, and mend napery, but impossible to "answer the door", push a perambulator, or polish a grate. This, if not that, cost the doer her caste.

The author has the best of advice and encouragement for the beginner in housewifery and in cooking. "She must", he says, "take an interest in the matter with the fundamental humility that it requires great intelligence to succeed in either field". She must take a pride in her work, and she should discover "that there is a joy—the artist's joy in creation—in making the very simplest thing well". He urges also the cultivation of ideas—"ideas about everything which is interesting and improving". And is not the kitchen a very field and hotbed for ideas? Does not the beginner adopt every easeful machine of which she is told, whilst

her road to success is strewn with relinquishments? Almost from the beginning she is taken with the joy of invention, and grows impatient of stereotypes. The smallest thing suggests an improvement; the greatest need an invention. To create a fire-lighter is to be haunted with the cry, "Excelsior!"—to require an oven for the oil-stove is to adapt a biscuit tin.

But chiefly in cookery ideas are important, for here precisely is the chief opportunity for economy. Their need is in the dealing with "reliefs", remnants, scraps, odds and ends—in fact, with all the good material that 'Arriet terms disgustfully, "broken food". In pre-war times the larders of the middle classes yielded few oddments. The cooks saw to that. Under kitchen rule each meal represented a beginning and an end. As for ideas, none could be educed from or grafted in the mind of 'Arriet. Her instinct in general was to suppress them ruthlessly, as the cook in "King Lear" suppressed the live eels in the pie. "She knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick", we are told, "and cry'd, 'Down, wantons, down!'" There is hope that on the departure of the cook originality may rear its head. It must be so, for the impulse to create is in open yet disciplined minds irrepressible as any live eel.

The book is full of good things and of good humour. Useful suggestions are sown broadcast in it. It cannot be read without pleasure and amusement. It can scarcely be laid aside without a springing of desire for the life it proposes.

## FROM WESLEY TO SURTEES.

"Social Life in England: 1750-1850." By F. J. Foakes Jackson. Macmillan. 5s. net.

AMERICA has produced Mr. Roosevelt and a number of amusing stories. Not all the latter are of American origin, and the stock should be materially enlarged by Canon Foakes Jackson, who has left Cambridge, England, for the Union Theological Seminary of New York. His present book represents the Lowell Lectures delivered in Boston last March. Very agreeable lectures they must have been, if hardly as solid on the sociological side as some zealous students may have expected. Wesley, Crabbe, the heroine of "Margaret Catchpole", Gunning's Reminiscences of Cambridge, the Creevey Papers, and aspects of social life revealed by Dickens, Thackeray, Surtees and Trollope occupy the eight discourses. The list is a credit to the broad-mindedness of the Canon, who is learned in sport as well as theology, and apt in matters of humour as well as history. The choice of subjects has been largely determined by his personal associations. His father's first cousin, Archdeacon Groome, connects him with Crabbe, whom also his great-grandparents knew, and he is a descendant of the family of Cobbold, which played a great part in the fortunes and fame of Margaret Catchpole. That remarkable servant-girl, whose adventures were related under the name just mentioned, rescued the Canon's grandfather from a wall which would have inevitably crushed the lively infant. It is thus an act of piety in the lecturer to revive her story and separate truth from the accretions of Mid-Victorian fiction. Altogether he has a real insight into the East Anglian character and country.

With Gunning, the extraordinary chronicler of the casual ways of Cambridge dons at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth the lecturer is also quite at home, and he must have been hard put to it to select from such a feast of good stories and notable anecdotes. He has no time, for instance, to mention that epigrammatic and factious undergraduate of his own college, who complained of "veal, sir, trembling on the verge of beef", and was later to astonish Scott by his wonderful eloquence at dinner on the Samothracian Mysteries and to make the world his debtor for "Christabel" and other immortal gifts of poesy. Gunning, almost incredible as his details of social life are, speaks the truth, and a few years later, on the moral side of Cambridge, an

American, C. A. Bristed, in "Five Years at an English University", has some equally surprising things to reveal. Gunning and Bristed both, we believe, lack the tribute of a new edition. We wish that the lecturer would annotate the former. Dons in all their scarlet robes immersed in the rowdy enjoyments of Stourbridge Fair are an engaging spectacle, and the rise of science at Cambridge is a curious story.

Of Dickens and Thackeray the lecturer has much to say that is pertinent; but here he is dealing with well-trodden ground. The point about Dickens to remember is that he derives directly from Smollett, his favourite author in early years, as we pointed out the other day. An author little known among the literary and read by those who read little else, Surtees is really important from the social point of view, marking the time when railways were coming and the old orders of society were going. This aspect of his hunting romances is well brought out by the lecturer.

The one disappointment of the book is the discourse on Wesley. It gives, indeed, a good picture of the man, but it refers to his comment on Sterne—that the "Sentimental Journey" might as well have been called the "Continental"—without going into the connection between the resolute preacher and the easy humorist. The vogue of sentimentality was due to the decay of the Church and the rise of such uncompromising men as Wesley. The new middle class wanted real religion. The fashionables thought that Hell was not for people of their quality. They confined themselves to the tenderer and nicer parts of the New Testament; they made a luxury of griefs that did not touch them severely. They groaned over dead donkeys and neglected the poor, except in casual gifts which roused a pleasant sense of virtue and did not cause them any discomfort. What were the wages of labourers round Cambridge in Gunning's day? George Dyer shows their miserable state. What was the Church doing in the century which invented the opera, the sandwich, and the umbrella? In 1772 Birmingham decided to build and endow two new churches and houses for the clergy. Laymen did the business throughout. Neither bishops nor clergy appear from beginning to end, except for the consecration of the buildings.

But parsons and fashionables, if they were negligent of their duties, were by no means stupid, and the lecturer makes a good point when, coming to Thackeray, he speaks of the "thoroughly middle-class tradition" that young men of the gay world lack brains.

The book is one of ideas that might well be developed on a larger scale. It is excellently printed, but a well-known author in the house of Macmillan should not have appeared as "Charlotte Young".

#### DRAWINGS OF THE FRONT.

"The Western Front." Drawings by Muirhead Bone. With an Introduction by General Sir Douglas Haig. Published by the authority of the War Office by the office of "Country Life." Part 1. 2s. net.

[Published this week.]

ONE'S ruling desire on turning over this first number of Lieutenant Muirhead Bone's drawings is to get back there again. One longs to be among the smashed villages, infernal din of guns—including the deafening 9'2 howitzer, whose portrait Mr. Bone grimly, but not unkindly, gives on one of his pages. One longs to be back among the shell holes and broken-down trailing masses of rusty barbed wire and old telephone wires half-hid by shreds of blasted-looking vegetation, and among those bare, ruined woods that will be haunted for infinite ages to come by ghosts of men whose end none of us at home can visualise. Yet it is not only the dreadful that draws us thither, but the cheerful and noble, and the utterly unselfish, too. All the grumbling and grouching in the world, all the sighs for peace, and all the sermons on the miseries and wickedness of war—in which cant and sincerity are messed up together—cannot hide the truth, the bed-rock absolute fact, that the spirit of our men at the Front is glorious, cheerful, optimistic. Mr. Muirhead

Bone gives us many a glimpse of this. His drawing of the three R.A.M.C. officers waiting keen in a divisional collecting station for the arrival of the wounded from a Somme battlefield, whom they will be carving up for twenty hours, perhaps, without a relief, is the Front; his Scots officers in their dug-out, with their maps, and guttering candles stuck in empty bottles, and their cigarettes, of course, is the Front, too; and so is his splendid picture of the wounded Grenadier, in his glory, introducing to the artist gentleman the wounded Prussian pal: "He jabbed me in the arm, and I jabbed him in the eye"; so they ended by being the best of friends. We hope this publication will sell by thousands. It deserves to do so. It will go straight to the heart of any loyal English man or woman, and its illustrations are the work of a big man in black and white. We like the soldierly, simple preface by the C.-in-C.; but Mr. Muirhead Bone must allow us to say that his portrait of the C.-in-C. is not so fortunate as it might have been. To tell the honest truth, we should not have recognised it without guidance in print. In a new edition this very serious flaw really ought to be put right. Everything else is done well, and the whole publication is in first-class style. Besides, what a relief these strong, bold, live drawings are after the trumpery of endless half-tone reproductions of automatic photographs!

#### HALF A CYCLE OF CATHAY.

"Forty-five Years in China." By Timothy Richards. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

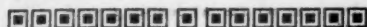
MR. RICHARDS was a young Welshman when he went out as a Baptist missionary to China in 1869, and half a cycle of Cathay through which he has lived has exceeded by far, both in interest and rapidity of development, any similar period of time in Europe.

The young missionary from the very first flung himself with Celtic enthusiasm into the social, political, and educational movements of the country of his adoption. His knowledge of the Chinese language and his buoyant self-confidence brought him into touch with Chinese leaders, as well as with many of their social projects. None the less, a careful perusal of his interesting reminiscences leaves the impression that Mr. Richards seldom, if ever, got beneath the outer curtain of Chinese reserve, although he himself appears to think otherwise. The Chinese and Japanese statesmen, educationists, and social reformers with whom he came in contact must have respected a man who obviously sought, not his own, but their country's good. They do not appear, however, to have given themselves away before him, except, perhaps, on one occasion, which he labels curiously "Japanese ambition".

These are Mr. Richards's words: "On the steamer back to Shanghai there were eleven Japanese professors going to Wuchang by invitation of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. I asked one of them, a professor of chemistry, what they were going to do. He replied that they were going to teach the Chinese the proper place of Europeans. 'Their place is here, under our heel!' he cried with a fierce laugh, and he stamped on the floor. Later in the evening he apologised to me for his insolence, saying that he had been drinking too much wine and had been talking nonsense." Mr. Richards's comments may be regarded as a paraphrase of the Latin tag, "in vino veritas".

In stirring times like these the history of China is chiefly interesting as a guide to present politics, and particularly those politics that affect the relationship between China and Japan. Mr. Richards, within his limitations, has some shrewd things to say about the various Chinese Governors, who may or may not be busy now making history, and also of certain Elder Statesmen in Japan. These remarks are not unworthy of attention from those in authority in England and the United States, although they may be inclined to think less highly of the critic's own panaceas for our international woes than Mr. Richards does himself. But a straw shows how the wind blows, and some





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of Mr. Richards's first-hand opinions and judgments in more than one case may throw unpremeditated light upon the dark places of Far Eastern diplomacy.

The general reader, and particularly the reader who is interested in the educational and religious development of China, will find this book of reminiscences very interesting. But what in the wide world did that fine old engineer shipowner in Liverpool, Alfred Holt, do that Mr. Richards should write him down a German? Who ever heard of the Blue Funnel Holtz line? And never was there a blue funnel steamer less German in shape, crew, or management than the old "Achilles"!

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CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER is the leading artist-combatant who has been discovered by the war, and his admirable gaiety in the most depressing circumstances is well represented in his illustrations of military life. His sketches tend somewhat to conventional figures who have the fierce moustaches of the foreigner rather than the curtailed ornament of the chin recently prevalent in our Army, and who are in a state of disarray a little unfair, perhaps, to the neatness of the private; but the legend alike and the picture above it have had their appeal everywhere, and the result is no less distinctive than the artist's name, which many took, on his first appearance in the Press, to be a cunningly devised nom de guerre.

Now Captain Bairnsfather presents us with a record of his experiences in the Army, and a good story, in his easy, light-hearted way, he makes of it. We are glad to think that he has come out of the shell shock with which his volume ends. He began at the front, after buying wire-clippers and morphia tablets at Boulogne, with the Plugstreet trenches of 1914, which had none of the desirable "props" available later. As a machine-gunner he had a very damp time of it, but he shared in the peaceful humours of an extraordinary Christmas truce, when Boche and Briton met and exchanged souvenirs, and one of his men cut the hair of a docile enemy!

The author had drawn hundreds of sketches before the war, but it was not till January 1915 that he turned to his hobby, and began to decorate walls with the now familiar "Fragments". He found enough to do in a life which was sufficiently precarious and primitive. In time he got stale and obsessed with the unnatural atmosphere: "Instead of deriving a sense of peace and serenity from picturesque country farms, old trees, setting suns, and singing birds, here was this wretched war business hashing up the whole thing. A farm was a place where you expected a shell through the wall any minute; a tree was the sort of thing the gunners took to range on; a sunset indicated a quantity of light in which it was unsafe to walk abroad. Birds singing were a mockery. All this sort of thing bothered me, and was slowly reducing my physical capacity to 'stick it out'. But I determined I would stick to the ship, and so I did."

He went on with his work, wet through or dry, and he declares that the misery of a perfect deluge does not bother our men. "People will scarcely credit it, but times like these don't dilute the tenacity or light-heartedness of our soldiers. You can hear a joke on these occasions, and hear the laughter in it too."

This volume is not in the least literary, but it bubbles over with laughter and a very human enjoyment of rare comforts, such as a luxurious bath in a lunatic asylum. It is well illustrated, too. We like the picture of the man who stands in water well up to the waist, and, reading a letter to his mate, exclaims: "Poor old Maggie! She seems to be 'avin' it dreadful wet at 'ome.'"

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Surnames." By Ernest Weekley. Murray. 6s. net.

A Professor and the head of a modern language department in one of our new Universities, Mr. Weekley may be supposed to

know his business so far as learning goes. The satisfactory thing from the ordinary reader's point of view is that he wears his learning lightly, and infuses some welcome humour into his research. His previous books on "The Romance of Words" and "The Romance of Names" were enjoyed by many people who shun the aridities of philology, and his present collection of surnames with copious illustrations and explanations should have a like success. Most men go about without any idea of what their names mean, since the obvious guess generally leads to false conclusions, and the book is full of odd surprises. Dialect alone makes many changes which are not easily recognised; the attrition of time working on the lazy English tongue does more; names are shortened and then lengthened; they hold a Norse god transmogrified beyond any but expert eyes, a definite article like "le" or a preposition like the English "at". Again, they may be originally nicknames or vocational names. The numerous Kings cannot boast of royal blood even of the less readily recognised order. In most cases they probably go back to ancestors who played the royal part in pageants. This is a typical instance of the light which research throws on familiar names. The rarity of some names and frequency of others in early times, or in a particular district, may also throw light on their meaning. The whole subject is fascinating when one gets into it; for names are a brief chronicle of English customs and aspirations. Philology with its patient research and logic has hitherto made little impression on the public mind. If there were more writers like Professor Weekley, scholars would have less reason to complain that their labours were ignored. We want good learning popularised, and he has gone the right way to do it.

"Little Grey Ships." By J. J. Bell. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

In these stories Mr. Bell throws a vivid light on the world of trawlers, mine-sweepers, and patrol-boats. He gives the public in his easy narrative some idea of what they owe to those who clear the seas of imminent peril at the risk of their own lives. The trawler, as the first story shows, may run great hazards for the sake of being first at port with a huge haul of fish; but the mine-sweeper, facing daily more sudden and fatal surprises than those of storm, gets no such fine prizes. His wife may appeal to him to leave such work, but he knows his duty.

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The various details of the way in which mines work and are destroyed will be new to many readers. If they are not hit on their spikes, they may require a good many rifle shots. There is an area within which concussion is to be feared, and no glass may be left in the wheel-house when the business is done.

The author of "Wee Macgregor" makes good play, as might be expected, with the Scottish character, and introduces a grizzled old seaman who scores by the exercise of second sight. But the most striking character in the book is the old bull Cachalot whose seventy tons odd charged a submarine, and made "a place where the sea was oily".

"To the Minute." By Anna Katharine Green. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

There are two stories here by the author who made a name many years since by "The Leavenworth Case". The first, after which the book is named, is decidedly disappointing. Just when we expect the plot to develop into something really exciting which needs explanation, the whole thing stops. In the other story, "Scarlet and Black", a doctor learns by chance that his house is being occupied in his absence by two women of striking beauty who play strenuously a game of cards. He seeks them out and discovers remarkable things. This tale, if not convincing in some of its details, is much more representative of its author's talents than the first, and it has a measure of artistry in its ending, which does not satisfy the sentimentalist with the usual prospect of a wedding.

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